

ONCE A WEEK

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NEW YORK, APRIL 4, 1895.

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(See page 5.)

ONCE A WEEK

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1895.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

ARE the closing years of this good old century marked by irresistible proofs of the degeneration of the human race?

* * *

NINE out of every ten men or women will reply: Certainly not! The nineteenth century has been an epoch of progress—of enlargement—of uplifting of all classes and masses toward the highest ideals. To the healthy mind the question seems absurd.

* * *

YET a daring critic and student of civilization has arisen to affirm that the blight of "degeneration" is upon all the works of man—and of woman, too—in these final years of the dying century. Singularly enough, the critic is a German, a member of the race which claims to represent the highest civilization, and



which, attaching Science to the car of Art, has announced its belief that there are no limits to the triumphs of human intelligence. The nation which produced that Goethe who was beautiful as a Greek god, and Olympian in the scope of his knowledge, now offers us Max Nordau, who contemns our modern art, laughs at our music, derides our verse as "hysterical," thinks that men of genius are partial lunatics—nervous-scoured, unfortunate creatures; that, in short, "The Dust of the Nations," as (borrowing an idea from Scandinavian mythology) he calls the present period, is upon us.

* * *

As the German in the story preferred to evolve the camel out of his inner consciousness, when he was asked to write a monograph on that interesting and peculiar beast—rather than go into the desert and there study the creature—so Max Nordau has built up out of his own imagination, and after critical observation of a few exceptional types in Paris, where he has elected to reside—his strange theories. Himself an energetic man—full of the joy of life and delighting in toil—he fell one day to studying the treatises of the Italian Professor Lombroso on the relations of abnormal physical conditions to crime, and the idea of his present work came into his mind.

* * *

DID it strike him at first that the application of Lombroso's method to the analysis of the many strange developments of literature, music, art and politics would be at once a huge joke and an attractive theme? Or did he believe seriously in his self-imposed mission? On this point he will probably refuse to enlighten us. Whether he is in earnest or not, he has formulated a most striking series of accusations against our century and ourselves. I am not sure that he intends to inculcate profound despair, but it seems to me that there is no other logical conclusion to his theory.

* * *

"OUR tastes," he says, "are governed by those who have all the manifestations of insanity, imbecility and

dementia." In this unsavory phrase he includes the critics, the journalists and the advanced thinkers of the day. Among the "degenerates" he classes most of the authors and artists, the makers of plays and novels, the writers and composers of operas. Does he spare his renowned countryman, Richard Wagner? On the contrary, he dances with fiendish glee upon him and all his works. "At the head of the Wagnerian movement walks, as is fitting, an insane King," is his comment. The "public hysteria" which followed the death struggle between France and Germany was Wagner's opportunity. Max Nordau thinks the theatre at Bayreuth "a monument by which posterity will be able to measure the breadth and depth of the degeneration and hysteria of the age."

* * *

NOTHING escapes the condemnation of this critic who essays to dissect the century. The dress of women—"all incomprehensible swellings, puffings and folds with irrational beginnings and aimless endings"—testifies to "degeneration." So does the house decoration which aims "solely at exciting the nerves and dazzling the senses." So does Art, with its "lime washes" and "yellow broths" instead of true color. So does the reek of Swinburne's early verse and Zola's multitudinous series of novels. So does Paul Verlaine—"a perfect physical type of a degenerate." So does the craze for war and the persecution of certain races—and the hysterical character of many statesmen! Degenerates all! Max Nordau shows us no gleam of light. His picture is a landscape almost without a sky—and a landscape upon which darkness is settling.

* * *

THE swiftness of development in this century, he concludes, has been too much for us. The horizon of the peasant to-day is wider than that of the diplomat was a hundred years ago. Steam and printing and liberty in general have turned our heads, and strained our nerves, until we are semi-lunatics—just as Lombroso says that criminals are brain-sick types suffering from the sins of ancestors, or from other influences productive of physical degeneracy.

* * *

To many this will seem a fantastic doctrine founded upon shallow observation of the exceptional in life and art. The man who can see in the splendors of poetry, the majesty of music, the truthfulness of painting, and the courageous realism of literature at the present day, only germs of decay and symptoms of brain-rot, needs to look to himself. The insane man is always calling other people crazy. The stimulus of Paris, the intoxicating atmosphere of the great capital, has turned Max Nordau's head. A season in green fields will cure him.

* * *

COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL says that the next Republican candidate for the Presidency will be a free silver advocate. He thinks Allison not an impossibility. Nonsense, Bob! The nominee will be Levi P. Morton, Tom Reed, or some other strong hard money man.

* * *

THE United States will be represented by five ships at the great review when the North Sea Canal is opened. But Rear-Admiral Meade will not be sent. We cannot spare him from American waters just now.

* * *

THE negroes in Havana recently planned an uprising, and intended to attack the palace of the Captain-General. Spain may find a black rebellion as hard as a white one to deal with.

* * *

THE important announcement is made that Austria will not remain in the "Triple Alliance" when the time for renewal comes; and that she has agreed to keep neutral in any war in which Russia is involved. This amounts to a revolution in the European situation.

* * *

Is the New Woman going to revolutionize love-scenes on the stage? Only the other week, one of the actresses in Mrs. Langtry's company objected at rehearsal to the too violent demonstrations of the stage lover, and threatened to resign from the cast unless that party "behaved."

* * *

IN the German play "Ohne Geläut," at the Irving Place Theatre, Fraulein von Romanowska objects to sitting in the lap of Dr. Hans Moeller while the curtain is being raised and lowered on the tableau, though the lady does not object to that position at the end of the stage scene.

* * *

I HAVE heard it said that lovers not infrequently—in real life—find little use for more than one best quality plush chair; but, if my informant is not romancing, there are, in real life, no glaring footlights or impudent lorgnettes to the fore, and the light streaming from above is usually dim, if not religious.

* * *

THE Sultan has forbidden the sale or exhibition of the portraits of Gladstone or Professor Bryce in Con-

stantinople. Gladstone is known as the deliverer of Thessaly and the friend of the unfortunate States still under the Turkish blight. The Sultan sees the end of Gladstone's life not far off, and fancies that his grip on Armenia will be thereby tightened. But his Sick Majesty errs in this calculation. The hour of Turkish misrule in the Balkans struck in 1878. The Christian nations of Europe are simply waiting—and waiting too long—to decide as to when and with what baggage the Sick Man will move over into Asia.

* * *

HERE are a few facts worth more than ever so many arguments. The landowners and manufacturers of England are now the pro-silver party there. President Hill of the Great Northern Railroad has just returned from abroad, and reports that France and Germany are in favor of an international monetary conference favorable to silver, and that the merchants of Great Britain are fast joining the landowners and manufacturers in their demands for an enhancement of the value of silver. If our Congress, says Mr. Hill, will let silver alone, the commercial profit and loss account of Great Britain will soon settle the question in favor of the rehabilitation of silver.

* * *

IN Victoria, British Columbia, the question of bloomers for ladies' street wear will be decided by that section of public opinion which is capable of rushing *en masse* into the streets to see a lady bicyclist in that costume. Because the "town came forth to gaze," Miss Ethel Delmont was informed by these Victorian police that her appearance, as the town gaze, would mean a police court summons, under the section of the town laws dealing with "disturbance on the public streets." Some pertinent questions seem to arise: Has the town the right to gaze, so as to create a disturbance? Would it gaze in such large numbers and with such enthusiasm after it had seen the bloomers a few times? Miss Delmont could not help it, if the people came out to see—could she? What is the matter with Victoria, anyhow?

* * *

THAT the grandson of a famous light-weight pugilist should be a popular candidate for Speaker of the British House of Commons is a fact which will excite much comment, particularly if Mr. Gully happens to be elected.

* * *

KAIER WILHELM has sent to the Berlin Academy this spring a painting representing a naval fight. Wilhelm is ambitious to shine as a brilliant star from every point of view. There must be some greatness in a man who is so many-sided.

* * *

THE prestige of the United States in South America would be greatly weakened by any unwillingness on the part of the Administration to call Spain to prompt account. What! at the moment when Uncle Sam is posing as the defender of Venezuela, Nicaragua, and other South American Republics against the aggressions of England, the United States flag can be insulted with impunity by the decaying Power whose yoke South America threw off three-quarters of a century ago! It would never do to allow that to be said.

* * *

THE full text of England's ultimatum to Nicaragua makes the affair look very grave. Great Britain notifies the little Power that, because of the expulsion from Nicaragua of Mr. Hatch, British pro-Consul (it appears that he was not a Consul at all), and the arrest of other British subjects, she proposes to fine it seventy-five thousand dollars. She further requires Nicaragua to cancel the decrees of exile issued against the Englishmen; and to agree to the constitution of a commission to assess losses, which must be paid within three months.

* * *

IT would seem as if in its requirements for this commission to assess damages Great Britain had offered an intentional affront to the United States. The commission, says John Bull, must be composed of a British representative, a Nicaraguan representative, and a jurist "not a citizen of any American State," to be selected by agreement between Nicaragua and England; and, failing such agreement, by the Swiss President. Probably England can hardly understand the resentment which has arisen, in all parts of this country, at the impudent ignoring of the United States in this attack upon the miniature Government of the territory through which the projected canal is to run.

* * *

LORD KIMBERLY is said to have explained before the publication of the ultimatum that the contemplated exclusion referred to citizens of South American "Republics," and not to dwellers in the United States. But in the text of the ultimatum the reading is, "not a citizen of any American State."

* * *

ANY attempt by England to seize territory in Nicaragua, under the pretext of security for "claims," could not be interpreted otherwise than as an endeavor to control one side of the projected Nicaragua



THE NEW WOMAN



WHEN DOES DRESS REFORM BEGIN?



Canal. If that would not result in a radical enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine, what would?

* * *

GREAT BRITAIN could not act with more complete disregard of the traditional policy of the United States if she were desirous of drifting into war with us. But as there are the best of reasons for supposing that she wants nothing of the kind—knowing how costly it would be for her—it is probable that her pretensions will be considerably reduced after she finds what serious protests her action has awakened in this country.

* * *

LORD ROSEBERY has suffered so much from insomnia of late that his hair has grown white and he seems ten years older than last year.

* * *

THE U. S. Grand Jury in San Francisco has indicted C. P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific Company, for violating the Inter-State Commerce Law.

* * *

THE "Chicago" reached this port March 23 after an extensive foreign cruise, covering nearly twenty-two thousand miles. Captain A. T. Mahan, the distinguished author of the books on "The Influence of Sea Power in History," is in command. The vessel may possibly reinforce the squadron in West Indian and South American waters.

* * *

THE elements hostile to Prince Bismarck in the German Reichstag succeeded in voting down the motion to honor the venerable ex-Chancellor on his eightieth birthday.



The Socialists, the Radicals, the Catholic and Independent and Polish parties united on March 23 in defeating the measure. The most notable speech in opposition to the motion was made by Herr Eugen Richter, who said that, while recognizing

Prince Bismarck's national merits, the "Progressionists" felt bound to fight all his tendencies toward influencing the interior policy of the country.

* * *

THE rejection of the motion was received with genuine indignation by the nation. The President and Vice-President of the Reichstag resigned; the Emperor sent a telegram to Bismarck saying that the legislative body's action was in complete opposition to the feeling of the German Princes and people; and so the "man of blood and iron" has celebrated his octogenarian anniversary without any discomfort over the unsympathetic vote.

* * *

THERE is something pathetic, to Americans, with their notions of the dignity of the citizen, in the recital of the way in which Prince Bismarck stood bareheaded in the wind and rain before the young Kaiser who had gone to Friedrichshruh to honor him, and in the exceeding humility of his language. If the great ex-Chancellor's "military position in relation to the Emperor" would not even allow him to express his feelings, it is time that Imperial Majesty should come down a peg or two. The sentiment of self-effacement before Royalty—which Bismarck makes a virtue—is happily unknown in this country. Nor can any European ever quite understand the American feeling on the subject—which may be described as one of amused pity.

* * *

THE Emperor is not to blame: he is the creature of circumstances. He was amiable and kind; gave Bismarck an antique sword of gold, and made him a speech full of classical allusions. He also announced that Count Von Waldersee will be the next Chancellor, which must have prompted the venerable Von Hohenlohe to examine the state of his own health. Bismarck is to be a Counselor without wearying his old bones by going to Berlin. He looks well, and may live to see the next century peeping into his seclusion among the trees.

* * *

THE unanimous condemnation of the attempt to remove the veteran Charles A. Dana of the *Sun* from



this city to Washington, for trial in a criminal court of the District of Columbia, for alleged libel of F. B. Noyes of the *Washington Star*, would seem to indicate the need of reformed legislation on the subject of a newspaper's responsibilities. The creation of a precedent for surrendering an editor to be

tried at a place far distant from the town or city where his journal is published might lead to some extraordinary abuses.

* * *

THE idea that the laws of the Federal District may be violated by a publication issued in New York smacks rather too much of a civilization which has nothing American in it. The old law of "seditious libel" is, it appears, still in force within the Federal District, and if a citizen can be dragged thither when he is charged with libeling an individual, why not even when he writes anything which the Government chooses to con-

sider an attack upon itself and as libel tending to "sedition"? We cannot afford to let the Administrations of this age have as arbitrary power as the infamous Star Chamber exercised.

* * *

MISS SYBIL SANDERSON has returned to Europe, dissatisfied with her reception in this country. She was ill much of the time while here.

* * *

ARTHUR B. CHASE, the well-known theatrical manager, committed suicide by shooting himself in this city, March 26. Ill-health and despondency are assigned as the causes of the act.

* * *

MINISTER THURSTON of Hawaii, whose recall the State Department has asked for, will sail for Honolulu April 4.

* * *

THE able and patriotic speech made by Senator Lodge in the closing hours of the last Congress received far too little attention from the press of the country then; and it is well that it is reprinted broadcast just now. It contains many things which Americans may well ponder over. One is the fact that Great Britain maintains six powerful naval stations off the Atlantic Coast of this country. They are Cape Breton, Halifax, Bermuda, Jamaica, Santa Lucia and Trinidad. What are they there for? Simply as bases of operations against us when war comes. England believes in maintaining the sea power which has made her great, and she realizes that to be strong against us she must have suitable naval stations not too far away.

* * *

MR. W. K. VANDERBILT recently made an offer for the beautiful chateau and grounds of La Muette, facing on the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, but the present owner declined to sell.

* * *

IT is said that two large French expeditions have entered the British Niger territory, in defiance of the Anglo-French treaty of 1890.

* * *

THE marriage of Princess Helene d'Orleans to the Duke of Aosta will take place at Stowe House, the home of the Duke of Orleans, near London.

* * *

SPAIN has narrowly escaped a formidable revolution. A Conservative Ministry has been formed under the veteran Canovas del Castillo, and anarchy or military despotism are averted for a time. Marshal Campos, now that the Conservatives are in charge of affairs, is a little less dictatorial to the press. He even wished to retire. A fortnight ago he threatened editors of all classes with execution. Perhaps he is not sorry to find a dignified retreat from such an extraordinary position.

* * *

THERE is little doubt that Spain will profit by home disturbances—for new ones may soon be expected—to delay a satisfactory reply to this country with regard to the "Alianza" affair. Spanish Ministers are noted wrigglers. But on this occasion there must be no wriggling. The American flag must not be wantonly fired upon. The pride of the Spaniards must have a fall.

* * *

SEÑOR MURUAGA has resigned his post as Minister at Washington, and the new Government has accepted it.

Señor Dupuy de Lome, the new Minister, is a consummate diplomat and a scholarly and distinguished man. He resided for some years in this country, and has once before represented his nation at the Federal capital. He was also chief of Spain's commission at the recent World's Fair in Chicago. He will reach Washington early in April.

* * *

THE Cuban revolt has suddenly assumed large proportions. Spain is sending out ten thousand more men, and General Martinez Campos is to take the field with them. An additional credit of two million dollars will be placed at the disposal of Campos.

* * *

GENERAL CALLEJA has been replaced by Primo Rivera as Captain-General of the island. The Spanish press announces that Spain will never give up Cuba. But meantime there are seven thousand insurgents in the field, and their numbers are rapidly increasing.

* * *

THE launching of the "St. Paul," the new mammoth steamship of the American Line, built at the Cramps' shipyard in Philadelphia, announced for March 26, was retarded by the overweighting of the hull.

* * *

Two of a party of train robbers who stopped an express near Greenwood, Ky., were killed, and the others took to flight. A little more resolution of this kind, and train robbing would soon be a lost art.

* * *

PRESIDENT BENJAMIN NORTON and Superintendent Quinn of the Atlantic Avenue Railroad system in Brooklyn were acquitted on March 27, in the Court of Sessions in that city, on a charge of having violated the ten-hour law. The suit was the outcome of the great trolley strike.

THE "Britannia" is first once more. Off Nice on March 27 the Prince of Wales's cutter beat the "Ailsa" (on a triangular course covered three times, making a thirty-mile run) by sixteen minutes and thirty-eight seconds.

* * *

CHOLERA has developed among the Japanese troops at Port Arthur.

* * *

BARON VON BUOL-BERENBERG has been elected President of the German Reichstag.

* * *

A MONSTER mass meeting was held in Cooper Union



in this city, on the evening of March 28, to protest against the delays of the Legislature in passing reform legislation. The assemblage was under the auspices of the Committee of Seventy, and in speeches made by Joseph Laroque, Cornelius Bliss, Seth Low and others imperative demands that the programme of municipal reform be adhered to were made.

* * *

A DISPATCH to the morning papers tells of the departure from St. John's, Newfoundland, of Hon. Robert Bond and the other delegates to Canada, to ask for the admission of Newfoundland to Confederation. The occasion provoked a demonstration on the part of a large section of the people who are opposed to Confederation and in favor of annexation with the United States. They paraded the streets at an early hour in the morning to the number of about eight thousand, carrying banners inscribed with the legends, "No Confederation with Canada" and "Welcome Annexation." They then marched to the wharf and saluted the departing steamer bearing the delegates with hisses, after which the band played the Dead March in "Saul."

* * *

IT would seem as if the Dominion Government had their hands fairly full with their own affairs just at this moment. The Cabinet has literally gone to pieces over the Manitoba School Question. Sir Charles Tupper, Minister of Justice, and Hon. J. C. Patterson, Minister of Militia, have resigned their portfolios. It is reported that Mr. Clarke Wallace, Comptroller of Customs, has likewise sent in his resignation. Protestant Manitoba is all but up in arms against the Federal authority, and there is every indication of a prolonged and bitter struggle between the Province and the Dominion Government.

* * *

QUEEN VICTORIA is failing rapidly, and those who surround her fear that the end of the reign which has been so brilliant may come soon. On arriving at the railroad station in Nice the other day the Queen seemed unable to raise her head; and it was only with the assistance of numerous servants that she was able to descend the sloping gangway from the train.

* * *

THE Spanish Admiralty persists in believing that the submerged vessel found off Gibraltar was not the "Reina Regente." But the lost ship does not return.

* * *

A RECENT statement of Father Walter, who confessed Mrs. Surratt, executed for assumed complicity in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, throws some light on the sad case. Father Walter says that Mrs. Surratt desired once more to protest her innocence on the scaffold, but that he did not allow her to do so because "he had given his word to the War Department that he would not permit her to speak." The authorities had exacted that promise from him before they would let him visit Mrs. Surratt to administer the last rites of the Church.

* * *

MR. DAMROSCH'S Wagner opera season has proven a pecuniary and artistic success. The receipts are estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

* * *



THE Salvation Army in this city announces that it has entered a new field of reform. Commander Ballington Booth says that it is going to save sinners in the higher and more aristocratic sections of society.

* * *

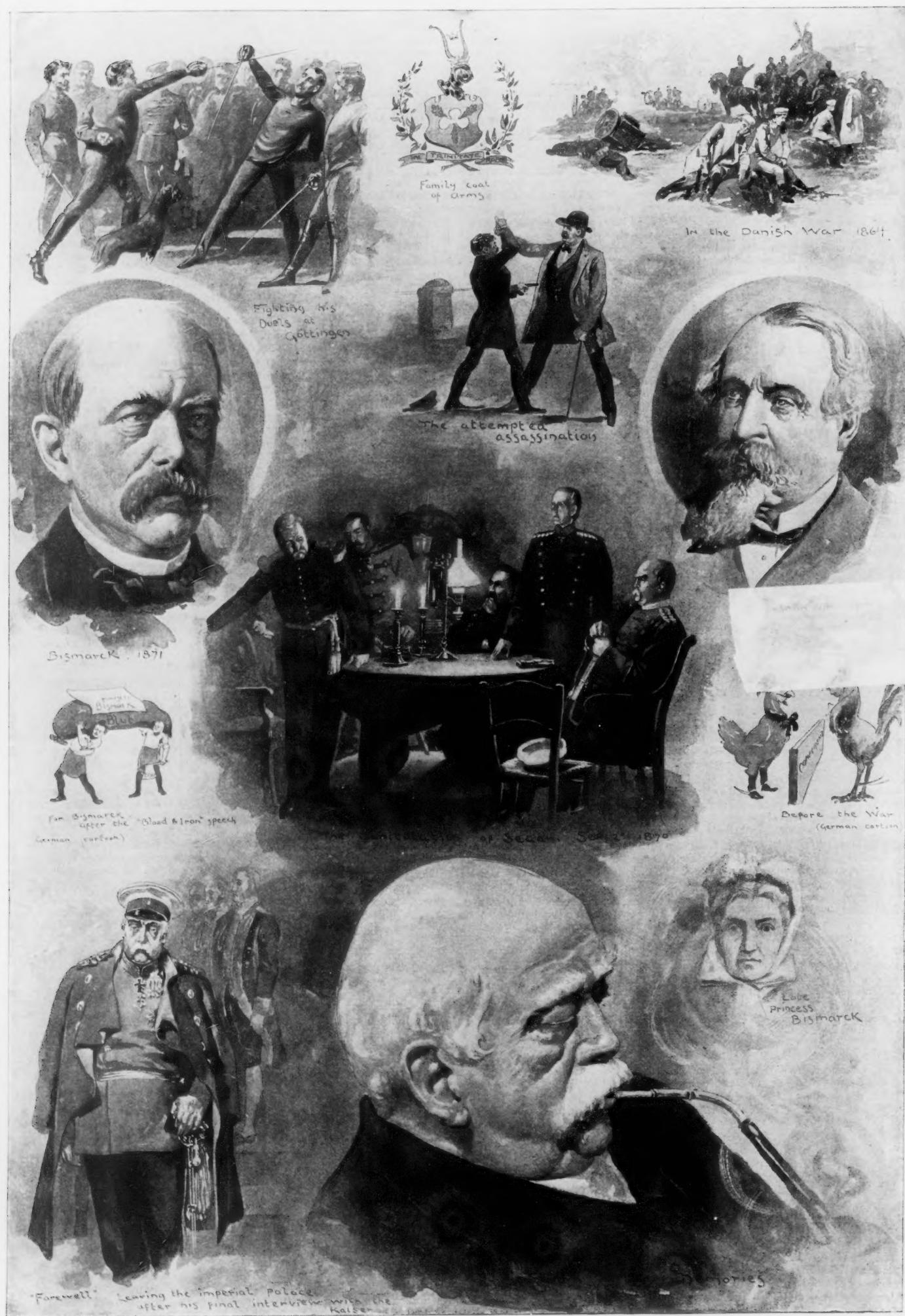
LI HUNG CHANG, whom China sent to Japan as a peace commissioner, was shot in the face by a Japanese youth on March 24. The Japanese Government expresses the greatest regret at the occurrence. Li Hung Chang was dangerously wounded.

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SHOULD he die from the wound the peace negotiations would suffer a long halt. The prefect and chief of police of Shimonoseki have been dismissed because they failed to protect the Chinese envoy.

* * *

A GREAT corporation, in which the Vanderbilt interests are largely interested, is said to have been formed for controlling the navigation of the Hudson.



PRINCE BISMARCK'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.
SCENES FROM THE EVENTFUL CAREER OF GERMANY'S GREATEST STATESMAN.

BISMARCK AT EIGHTY.

If Prince Bismarck has had many melancholy moments in his retirement from place and power since the young Kaiser came to the throne in Germany, they must have been amply compensated for by the magnificent demonstrations of affection and respect which the majority of the people of the nation have showered upon him on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, on April 1. Beside this colossal outpouring of gratitude for the services of the man who unified Germany, even the honors of the special visit to the Kaiser, at the time of the famous "reconciliation," sink into insignificance. True, the composite group of "Bismarck-haters" in the Reichstag succeeded, on the afternoon of March 23, in rejecting the proposal of Herr von Levetzow, its President, that it should allow him to carry to the venerable ex-Chancellor the congratulations of that body. A narrow majority of less than twenty against his proposition caused President von Levetzow to resign, aroused a tempest against the Socialists and the "Richter Radicals," and brought forth a telegram from the Kaiser to Prince Bismarck, in which he declared that the Reichstag's vote was in opposition to the feelings of the German Princes and people. The Kaiser adroitly seized on the incident to bring up anew the question of the Reichstag's dissolution, which does not now seem far distant.

So extensive were the manifestations of love and loyalty for the "Iron Chancellor" that they were begun on March 25—a whole week before the birthday. Delegations from every section of the Fatherland began to arrive upon the borders of the great forest where Friedrichsruh—the Bismarck's favorite home—stands; and the woods where the old statesman is wont to wander silently, accompanied by his favorite dogs, resounded to patriotic song, and were gay with groupings of banners. The Universities sent up huge delegations of students, dressed in the picturesque costumes of their various corps, with jack boots and clanging swords; and the wayside booths where Gambrinus had erected his altars were the scene of tens of thousands of libations in his honor. Mountains of bread and sausage and good Westphalian hams were consumed by the faithful; and the neighboring city of Hamburg sent whole trains filled with beer casks and with long-necked flasks of wine to the forest. From dawn to dusk the processions paraded with shouts and songs. Not even Kaiser Wilhelm, had he won a victory over the enemies of German-land, could have received more truly National and heartfelt honors. The old Prince, dressed in plain black, with a huge slouch hat drawn down to his ears, sat or stood in the portico of his mansion, where in all the celebrations before in the past ten years his beloved Princess, now passed away, had stood beside him; and it was not without deep emotion that he alluded to his great loss. Among the manifesting throng were many who had opposed him bitterly as to the internal policy of Germany, but had loyally recognized his vast services to the nation, in welding it together, and giving it front rank among the peoples; and to these he accorded special audiences, and



PRINCE BISMARCK IN HIS UNIFORM OF THE WHITE CUIRASSIERS.

(Copied from the painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.)

listened to their reminiscences with eager delight. There was a touch of pathos, too, in the remark made by the old Prince when told that one of the leaders of the Radical Unionists had expressed the wish that political exigencies might have allowed him to share in the demonstration: "I never quite abandoned hope," said the Prince, "of again numbering him among my friends."

On March 25 Prince Bismarck received the visit of nearly five hundred of Germany's public men. The Prussian Diet and a large number of the members of the Reichstag were accompanied by generals, famous publicists, men of science, and the great lights of literature and art. The old Chancellor went down to the railroad station—attached to which a hall had been built for the celebration—to welcome his guests. He was dressed in a General's uniform, with cuirass and helmet, and wore a long gray cloak. It was observed that he did not use the walking stick which he carried. He was attended by his chief forester and by Count Stalberg. With the leaders of the National thought and action grouped around him, the Prince replied to the address of congratulations by a speech full of delightful souvenirs of his phenomenal career, and with many sly hits at antagonists which showed that the old fighting spirit is not yet dead within him. Bismarck has all his life been proud of being the "King's man," and so it was not strange that in speaking of the "greatly good master, under whom I worked so long," he should have been affected to tears. "What," said he, "could I have done without his aid and that of his powerful army? I should have stuck in the same bog that frustrated all previous attempts at German unity." He spoke of his irresistible desire to take part again in public affairs; but added that he is now not strong enough—a modest disclaimer from which his distinguished hearers dissented.

After this splendid tribute came that of the Emperor, the fiery young potentate who is perhaps all the more willing to go to Bismarck nowa days because he sees difficult times coming when he may need him. Wilhelm went to Friedrichsruh on

March 26. He headed a detachment of troops of all arms which marched past the chateau; and he was most respectful and gracious in his interview with the old Titan who came bareheaded to welcome the grandson of his well-loved master to the domain of Friedrichsruh. After the Kaiser's visit the delegations became so numerous as to be almost embarrassing; and Bismarck's eightieth birthday celebration will be marked as a red-letter day in German annals. The ex-Chancellor's parliamentary jubilee will also be commemorated this year.

UNITED STATES TARS AS FIREMEN.

On the 4th of March last a great conflagration was threatening some of the finest buildings in the West Indies, at Port of Spain, Trinidad, with complete ruin. The U. S. Squadron, commanded by Rear-Admiral R. W. Meade, was lying in the harbor six or seven miles from the town, and as soon as the news reached it two hundred and fifty men under the orders of twelve officers started for the shore to help. A landing was effected in less than an hour, the sailors were marched to the fire in double-quick time, and soon brought the fire under control. The Governor of the island, Sir F. Napier Broome, sent a letter of thanks to Admiral Meade on the following day. Only two sailors were injured by falling buildings, and their injuries were not serious.—(See first page.)

JOHN L. WELLER, the colored man whom the French in Madagascar have sentenced to twenty years imprisonment, on the charge of having been in correspondence with the Hovas, was formerly United States Consul at Tamatave, and owns a valuable concession in the great rubber district of Fort Dauphin. His case is one of peculiar hardship, and the State Department should investigate it.

MR. EDWIN EINSTEIN, who was Republican candidate for Mayor of this city in 1892, has been appointed Dock Commissioner in the place of Mr. J. S. Cram.

MASCAGNI'S new opera, "Sylvano," was produced in Milan March 23, and received with enthusiasm.



THE CHATEAU OF SCHOENHAUSEN, WHERE PRINCE BISMARCK WAS BORN.



GERMAN POSTCARD FOR SENDING BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO PRINCE BISMARCK.

THE BEST MATCH IN TOWN. A NOVEL,

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

*Author of "A New York Family," "An Ambitious Woman,"
"A Gentleman of Leisure," "The House at High Bridge,"
"The Evil that Men Do," etc., etc.*

V.

 STRANGFORD started at that wounding little sentence. After a slight silence, he replied:

"Call it cowardly, if you please. But I would let your father hear every word of what I've said to you. If he shared your opinion I would abide by the results. Do you call that cowardly?"

"What results?" asked Dorothea, rising, and sweeping toward the door. "Do you mean that you would discontinue your visits here?"

He slowly quitted his chair. "If your father wished it—or if you wished it . . ."

"I wish it. From this day—from this hour, I should like to break all further acquaintance with you." Her figure seemed to dilate with indignation, and the measuring glance that she gave him was one of sorrowful scorn.

"You have presumed to call me insolent," she went on. "Pray what name would you give to your own attitude?"

"Friendship," came his instant answer. "I see you sinking, and I try to save you before the waters quite close over your head. I might have held my peace; that course would perhaps have been more politic."

"It would have been less barbaric to hold your peace. Can't you see that I rate all this as the most horrid familiarity? You have no right to address me as you have done. Your intimacy with my father, and his liking for you, have not given you any such conceivable right."

"Something else," said Adam Strangford, "has made me assume such a right. I love you."

They had been looking straight into each other's eyes for the past few minutes. At once she dropped her gaze; and then, during the silence that followed between them, she began hurriedly to glance here, there, everywhere, save again at his face.

"Oh, I am saying nothing so very startling. You've known for months past that I love you, and I've clearly known that you knew it. I've never had the faintest idea of asking you to marry me. I realized, and quite logically, that you would look higher than myself, and that even if you cared for me at all seriously you would have every reason to put away from you any thought of ever being my wife. There are men in the world who can govern their passions and make powers for good out of them, instead of letting themselves be governed by such passions and falling, because of them, into glooms of the most poisonous and suicidal despondence. I said to myself that I would always love you, and that when you married a man your equal in mind and character I would be the first to wish you heartiest joy. But you have chosen to select a man who is totally unworthy of you, and your revolt at my bold muniton has ended in our separation as friends. I only wanted to be your friend—or, rather, I saw that circumstance could accord me no luckier place, and so I accepted this place with a certain sort of philosophic gratitude. Now everything is at an end; I have received from you my dismissal, and I shall not trouble you again. It's true that I am your father's friend, but then he has legions of friends, and my coming here or not coming here will soon be a matter which he cannot fail to forget. That I've scolded you audaciously I don't deny, and that my general trend of deportment has passed the bounds of convention, I grant without reserve. But my motives have been of a kind that convention cannot deal with. They transcend it, as nearly all that is best and most human in us usually does transcend it. So, good-day, and good-by, and in all the future years we both may live, believe that the knowledge of any misfortune occurring to you will give me only deep regret, just as the knowledge of whatever happiness life vouchsafes to you will cause me deep rejoicing."

He passed with tranquil speed through the very doorway by which Dorothea had intended to desert him. She had hardly waked to a full consciousness of his departure when she heard the outer hall-door close, with its soft, unmistakable clang.

She managed not to see her parents, that afternoon, till she met them just before the hour for dinner. Several guests were expected; she had no clear idea of just what people were to come. This was one of "papa's dinners," and it was often a surprise to meet there some of the guests whom she used to call his "social inventions."

She knew, however, that both Gerard Spottiswoode and Cornelia Dominick were coming, and a little while ago she had thought of this meeting as one that would glitter with keenest dramatic interest. Cornelia had played and lost; she had played and won. It had been a fair game; on either side there had been skill, tact, astuteness, and not a hint of fraud. She had no pity for her rival, chiefly because she was certain that the latter, if triumphant, would have had no pity for her. That Cornelia would suffer more profoundly than from pangs of mortified vanity and thwarted ambition, had not entered her mind, and for the best of reasons. Always to Dorothea the girl had seemed an icicle—sometimes one that glistened prismatically, it is true, but even then with tints that held in them not a suspicion of warmth.

Now the coming feast, however, had been robbed of all its relish and zest. Dorothea had gone upstairs, feeling giddy and faint. "He loves me, after all," she kept saying to herself; "he loves me, after all."

Long ago she had got to believe him a man encased in frigid intellectualisms. His ardors, often fascinating to observe, were all of the head and not of the heart. By degrees she had grown to assure herself that he would never marry any woman; but there were times when she had very glowingly felt that for one woman in the world union with him might mean intense happiness.

She sat behind the curtains of her bedroom window and stared out at the naked tree-boughs of Washington

Square, ebon and delicate against the milky blue of the winter afternoon. This great chamber, with its two windows looking down on the Square, and its smaller dressing-room beyond, had been hers ever since she had left off bubs. Hundreds of childish and girlish memories clung to their walls, their furniture, their tapestries and rugs. Here she had first thoughts of Strangford as a possible lover. Here she had thrillel and flushed with recollections of their first quarrel. And afterward, both in town and off at Highwood, they had quarreled again and again.

But never had he dared to speak to her as he had spoken that day. Almost whenever he had played the presumptor she, so to speak, had felt for a weapon. But his presumption had flavored, hitherto, of civility, temperance, prudence. It had taken her breath away; it had set every nerve tingling with a sense of ruffian-like rudeness. And then, suddenly, had come its excuse. He loved her!

She could not be angry at him, now. She had made him suffer, and those reproaches had sprung from the throbbing centres of his pain. And as to forgiving him, he had made that useless. He was never coming again into her life, her experience; he had bidden her goodbye; she had never known him to break his word. She had seen "agnostic," "infidel," "atheist," "sensationalist," "poser" hurled at him by numberless newspaper foes, and she had heard contemptuous things said of him by men and women whom he could teach the very pot-hooks of his ideas and creeds. But she had never known him to be in the faintest way untrustworthy. That story about his star was no vain vaunt. There had never been the least shadow of vaunt in the man. What he was he had vividly, vigorously disclosed himself. He had steered, with a kind of native, unconscious adroitness, between egotism and over-humility. He had lived out his life, thus far, with marvelous bravery, consistency, dignity.

"Have I done that?" Dorothea asked herself.

The dreamier and more gloomy blue of the winter afternoon seemed to taunt her with a pitiless negative. "My star has died," she went on musing. . . . Then her meditations grew more passionate in their introspection.

"He is right. I am letting the waters close over me. But I never really knew he loved me until now. And I love him—I love him—I have loved him for nearly two years past! . . . And papa has seen; perhaps mamma also. . . . What shall I say to papa when he asks me about this visit to-day? Of course it is all settled, now. He breaks with us forever. And I had expected . . ." She paused here, while she watched the children slipping on their roller-skates over the asphalt round the fountain, and looking like mice in a scampering panic.

What had she expected? That she would marry Gerard Spottiswoode, and be *grande dame* as his wife, and all that, and yet have Adam Strangford socially near by, ready to drop in and dine, ready to come and talk with her of an afternoon and sip tea pour'd for him by her own hand, ready to quarrel with her again on those big questions of which he knew so much and she so little—ready, in short, to be at her capricious beck and call? Had she expected this when she gave herself to Spottiswoode? Had she counted on Strangford's convenient and facile proximity? Had she said, in the depths of her own spirit, not self-admittingly but self-satisfyingly, that the man who interested her and charmed her above all others whom she had ever met, would stay her loyal adherent, on and on, through future vistas of uncounted years?

Yes; this had been her outlook, this her plan, design, intent, determination.

And how he had shattered it all! He would consent to no such arrangement, and his late uncompromising posture had told her so in terms fearlessly distinct. She herself, in her wrathful stupidity, had bidden him to see her no more. It had been her guilty conscience that had spoken, for she would not have behaved half so indignantly if she had felt herself fortified by any real sense of right. And yet whose pride had been the more blamable—hers or his? She had been environed since her birth by all the snobberies and falsities of caste. He knew the world through the tuitions of adversity; she had only glimpsed it through rose-tinted glasses, and viewed her father's "Bohemianism" as a dainty and picturesque caprice. If he had broken through the trammels of his pride and said to her, "I love you," months before this, what self-forgetful candor of consent might he not have secured from her? . . . True, there would have been Cornelia Dominick's patrician consternation. That might have proved a little hard to bear, perhaps; but, after all, what was the pity or even the victorious disdain of a Cornelia Dominick against that perfect attainment of a larger, sweeter emotional life?

And now he had gone out of her days forever! How could she answer her father when he spoke to her of this afternoon's meeting? How, later, could she explain to him Strangford's continuing absence? She knew that for months past he had more than half guessed the truth. From her babyhood he had grown used to the reading of her heart.

Scarcely had she joined him in the drawing-room before dinner, this evening, when he said to her, with his usual easy offhandedness:

"What made Strangford dart off like that?"

"Dart off, papa?"

"Why, yes. I saw him as he vanished from the hall. I was leaning over the banisters. . . . Then you went upstairs, Doll, didn't you?"

"Yes, papa."

"I hid, then. I was afraid I might come face to face with you, and that might have been embarrassing."

"Why?" faltered Dorothea, trying to speak carelessly, and fumbling, with drooped head, at the laces gathered on her breast.

"My dear Renwick," sounded Mrs. Rathburne's voice. She had heard only half of what had passed between her husband and her child, but with smiling anxiety she now joined them. "Embarrassing?" she went on, and laid her gloved hand on Dorothea's gloved arm. "How could it be that?"

"Oh," laughed Rathburne, though not with his accustomed blitheness, "it might easily have been embarrassing. There were congratulations to be given, of course; but how about partings to be exchanged?"

"Partings, Renwick?" exclaimed Mrs. Rathburne.

"Partings between two good old friends like Adam Strangford and Dorothea!" The mother put her lips fleetingly against her daughter's cheek, and perhaps she felt, as she did so, how warm a sudden rosy flush had made it. "Tell your father, dear, that he's mistaken a sensible friendship for a flippant flirtation."

A nervous treble of laughter rippled from Dorothea's lips. "Papa doesn't need any such information," she cried, receding from both her parents. "He knows, as well as you, mamma, that I" (the words stuck in her throat for an instant, but she managed quite safely to master their articulation)—"I have only liked Adam Strangford as I have liked many of his other friends. A little better, perhaps, because he is younger than most of them." . . .

She saw her parents exchange glances; and then, in her distress and perplexity, she was about to frame other phrases. But suddenly, to her relief, a footman, at one of the doorways, called out:

"Mrs. Boxhaven."

"Thank Heaven," thought Dorothea; "I'm spared further cross-examinations. The guests will all stream in during the next three or four minutes, everybody a little late, as perpetually happens."

She drew a breath of comparative relief. But her heart was lead in her breast, and she dreaded the coming dinner. Most of all, she dreaded the appearance of Gerard Spottiswoode, for whom, as she had now become agonizingly conscious, a smile of gracious welcome was requisite.

VI.

"PAPA'S dinner" made a gathering of eight in all. It was the sort of affair to which Dorothea had been used for years. As a little girl she would be allowed to appear at dessert when just such dinners were nearing their close. The same big silver candelabra beamed with branchy grace in the semi-darkened dining-room, now as of old. The same fragrance of flowers, glitter of glass and silver, daintiness of viands, capability and dexterity of servants, wrought then as now their pleasant spells. Yet never had she seated herself at the brilliant and modish parental board with spirits more gloomed than now, or with nerves in harsher discord.

It soon struck her, moreover, that she had seldom seen in this familiar dining-room a company so ill-assorted. Immediately after soup her father began to be garrulous, and the conversation became of a general kind. Dorothea usually liked that, when the number of diners did not exceed eight. But now she caught herself mildly detesting it. She had learned that Mrs. Boxhaven was a lady who had written a good deal and lectured moderately on the rights of woman, and she soon foresaw that her father was bent on bringing into sharp evidence the social equipments of his illustrious guest.

"My dear Bertha," he called across the table, "what new flash of splendid wisdom do you think Mrs. Boxhaven has just emitted?"

Everybody listened, as everybody always did listen, whenever Renwick Rathburne chose to raise his voice anywhere, in a club, at a dinner, or even amid the most heedless ballroom gathering. He was so popular that it sometimes irritated Dorothea to observe how ready an allegiance his least word could secure from his mental inferiors. There was something cheapening to her in this implied permission to play the buffoon if he chose. Not that he did choose; but then he so often put himself in the posture of having his ripe and mellow merriments mistaken for mirth of a tawdrily fibre.

"I'm prepared to hear anything clever from Mrs. Boxhaven," came the hostess's reply. With all her self-admitted "Bohemianism," Mrs. Rathburne thought, like Dorothea, that this was an assemblage most ill-assorted. She had never liked Spottiswoode half as much as she liked the idea of his being her son-in-law; and she gave him now a perturbed sidelong look, where he sat, composed and elegant, at the elbow of her daughter.

Mrs. Boxhaven (a slim, shadowy little blonde, at whom you had to look twice before you saw how sharp and keen was her face, poised on its faded and sallow stem of throat) vented a shrill, deprecating laugh.

"I'm sure I've only babbled the tritest commonplaces," she declared.

"Mrs. Boxhaven's commonplaces might be many other people's felicities," bowed Rathburne, with a sip of his claret. "She says, in this case, my dear Bertha, that women would make very pearls of politicians, and for the reason that they could detect deceit in others with lightning speed, having every known species of it at their finger-ends."

"Ah," shuddered a stout gentleman, named Warrender, "the thought of women in politics always affects me like seeing a little child taking a sea-bath without any nurse."

Mrs. Boxhaven bristled at this, but said nothing. "Oh, come, now, Warrender," protested a gaunt gentleman with a cataract of yellowish mustache and the sweetest of smiles constantly breaking through it, "you're quite too scathingly severe. The day for decided opinions, you should remember, has permanently passed. We now have our doubts about everything; we even have our doubts concerning our doubts."

"How interesting to put it that way, Mr. Brockenbridge," said Dorothea, with a brave effort to shatter his augmenting depression. "But having doubts concerning one's doubts ought surely to result in some sort of certainty."

"It never would with Brockenbridge," cried Mr. Warrender, scowling jovially at his assailant. "He'd insist on the expediency of doubting the doubts he'd decided to doubt about, and so on, interminably."

Everybody laughed, here, and Mr. Warrender pursued, as if stimulated by the elixir of appreciation: "He's such a tremendous trimmer, you know; all successful lawyers are, and he's enormously successful, of course. Dear, good old Brockenbridge! He was born to be a respectable skeptic; wasn't he, Rathburne? But the temptation of huge fees for saying black is white has been entirely too much for him. He's found it so fatally easy to reap vast profits for asserting that white is only a species of neutral gray, and black a compromise between gray and dark drab, that he's no longer to be trusted with the merest alphabet of logic."

Rathburne took another sip of claret. "It's really charming to have you two fight," he said. "I'm so

ONCE A WEEK.

fond of inviting you to come and dine with me together, don't you know?"

"Oh," shot Mr. Brockenbridge back at Mr. Warrender, "if it's a question of colors, you ought to be well-informed. I'm not half so successful a lawyer as you're a successful portrait-painter. You manage your profession so dexterously that when you've finished painting certain of your sitters I hear you're obliged to have the canvases labeled 'Mrs. Brown' or 'Mrs. Smith.' Otherwise you wouldn't know which was which, they're so flattered out of all semblance to the originals."

More laughter sounded, then, dying down, as it were, into one of Rathburne's murmurous bits of suavity.

"When we ask you two enlivening fighters to dine, we should surround you by stupid society. I feel it's a reckless social waste to have made you the fellow-guests of three or four other brilliant persons. There's Miss Dominick, for example: I'm sure she would like to tell Mrs. Boxhaven her views of women in politics."

Cornelia started a little. She was looking serenely handsome, with a collar of rubies clasping her graceful throat, and crimson touches on her black gown giving new distinction to her dusk, reposeful type. She took no interest in clamorous zealots like Mrs. Boxhaven. Besides, it bored her, just now, to do anything but watch (and yet not seem even vaguely to watch) the faintest shade of change in Spottiswoode, the man she had loved and lost. Doubly she had loved and lost him: first, in the sense of passion, second, in the sense of pride.

"My views of women in politics," came her careless answer, "are simply that we ought to be better employed elsewhere."

"Brava, Miss Dominick!" applauded the conservative Mr. Warrender.

"How nice if all big questions could be settled by neat epigrams!" the temporizing and dubious Mr. Brockenbridge volunteered.

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Boxhaven, a little spitefully, "if it were only a neat epigram!—if it were not cruel, as well!"

Cornelia looked with cold politeness at the ethereal little plaintiff. She was rarely at a loss for biting or even crushing replies, when occasion tempted them. But here was no fox-worship of her steel. She shrank indolently from any duel of tongues with a tedious feminine fanatic, whom she would probably never meet again if she grew as old as her grand-aunt.

On the other hand, a malicious thought crossed her mind, and she swiftly acted on its impulse. She had always, as we know, suspected Dorothea of a certain romantic sentiment. Her heart, beneath its trim bodice, and behind all her quiet queenliness of demeanor, that evening, was gnawed by a savage vulture. No one would have dreamed it of her, but she sat there, in her tranquillity and decorum, preyed upon by scorching pain.

"We should have Mr. Adam Strangford here tonight," she said, directing the softest of veiled looks toward Dorothea. Seeing her friend's face color, she went innocently on: "If I'm not mistaken, Mrs. Boxhaven would find an able supporter in the editor of *The Plain Speaker*—isn't that the name of Mr. Strangford's review?"

"Yes," said Mr. Warrender, grimly. "It ought, though, to be called *The Pitchfork*, or something equally brutal."

"Oh, come, now," dissented Mr. Brockenbridge. "Strangford's publication is piercing and cutting, if you please, but I appeal to everybody: isn't Warrender slenderly conservative in talking like that about a liberal magazine, merely because its ideas and principles are not in sympathy with his own?"

"Slenderly conservative," said Rathburne, with his mellowest drawl, "is one of those intimate pleasantries which are forever tending to cement more closely the bond of union between our friends, Warrender and Brockenbridge. And yet—"

"Oh," broke in Mr. Warrender, snapping at an olive as though it were an art-critic, "Brockenbridge would divert me more in what he calls my conservatism, provided he were really broad. But his trouble is that he takes no position at all; he deals only in half-measures. He's not prepared to defend Strangford's impudent audacities. Not a bit of it; he'll only 'trim,' as he always does. That's the irritating part of you, Warrender. Why don't you come out squarely, and put on the gloves with me, and defend this editorial barbarian? Those who're not with him are against him; and I'm against him (to be slangy) body and boots."

Before the assaulted Warrender could respond, Mrs. Boxhaven, looking like an angry fairy, with one tenuous hand fumbling at the laces on her miniature bosom, said in excited tremolo:

"I'll put on the gloves with you, Mr. Brockenbridge, for calling my good friend an editorial barbarian!"

This unforeseen belligerence, so sincere and yet emanant from so puny a physical source, roused more laughter. Mr. Warrender's fleshly frame quaked with it, while he clapped his hands.

"Splendid, Mrs. Boxhaven!" he cried. "Championize me against this ruffian! Pray, do! Pray, do!"

But Mrs. Boxhaven was very serious. "I really couldn't, sir," she said, "if you're indeed a trimmer. I don't like trimmers; they're even worse than the stubborn conservatives. But I greatly like and respect Mr. Adam Strangford. He is quietly helping our cause of woman's suffrage—"

"I didn't know that he ever did anything quietly," struck in Mr. Brockenbridge, with a titter that was like a vocal sneer.

Dorothea felt the sting of this. In a second she retorted.

"I never knew him to do anything except with the best of taste, and I've known him for quite a long time."

The faintest ironic smile crept over Cornelia's lips. She looked straight at Spottiswoode. But he did not answer the look; he was indeed quite unaware of it. His eyes were turned to Dorothea, next whom he sat.

"Thanks, Miss Rathburne!" exclaimed Mrs. Boxhaven. "Perhaps you've known Adam Strangford longer than I, and perhaps you know him better. In either case I envy you."

For the first time Gerard Spottiswoode joined in this general talk.

"I should say that Mr. Strangford," came his calm words, "would in all cases prefer to keep vulgarity out of his printed radicalisms—whenever such a result were possible."

Mrs. Boxhaven's eyes kindled afresh. She had disliked Spottiswoode at sight; his air had struck her as too impregnably patrician; its very graciousness had seemed to hint, however furtively, of an almost feudal valuation of the classes above the masses.

"Radicalism," she said, "is only vulgar when it is false. Mr. Strangford's never is either."

"Assuredly you're right!" broke from Dorothea.

"But how," said Spottiswoode, "about the bad taste of some of his contributors?"

"He's very careful to let nothing go between the covers of his review that has not three qualities—discretion, dignity, and literary treatment."

Dorothea spoke these words, and with an impetuous glibness that told its own tale.

"He's given you, then," smiled Cornelia, "an explicit account of his professional conscience? How very delightful! I wish some clever and brilliant man would unbosom himself like that to me!"

"Oh, but you must remember, my dear Cornelia," hastened Mrs. Rathburne, "that Mr. Strangford has been ever so intimate with all three of us for quite an age."

"Yes, I know," assented Cornelia, the bitterness not only still exists, but will continue, we trust, for many future years."

"I'm delighted to hear you speak like that," exclaimed Mrs. Boxhaven. Then she suddenly grew explosive, and waved one phantasial hand in the air. "It sometimes seems to me that Adam Strangford is the ideal and perfect man. I may be wrong, but intellect, honor and courage meet in him, to my thinking, as in no other man I have ever talked with and studied."

"Who knows?" joked Mr. Warrender, clumsily. "Who may nominate you for President, some day, Mrs. Boxhaven, and himself for Vice-President."

Mrs. Boxhaven answered this flippancy with a frown. Then Rathburne said something pacific and mollifying. Then Mr. Brockenbridge poked more fun at Mr. Warrender, and got the retort discourteous the next minute. Cornelia presently let fall a lazy sarcasm, to which Spottiswoode replied with jocose apathy. And as if alarmed at any colloquy between her daughter's lover and the girl who was yesterday talked of as his probable choice, Mrs. Rathburne made an effort to deflect the whole conversational current and send it foaming and bubbling in a shallower channel of merest commonplace.

But for Dorothea, one dominant emotion wrought indifference, now, to all surrounding voices. She had a droll desire to leave her seat and give Mrs. Boxhaven a hearty embrace. "Intellect, honor, and courage!" What an adequate and far-reaching definition of the man whom she had just rebuked as insolent, and dismissed forever from her future!

She knew that her defensive ardor with respect to this man had startled Spottiswoode and by no means displeased Cornelia. She knew, also, that it had dealt discomfiture to her mother. Yet she felt curiously callous as to what result it had wrought. All that appreciably swayed her was a sense of guilt and shame and self-reproach toward Adam Strangford; and when the ladies at length arose from the table, and she rose with them, her longing to slip away upstairs and bolt her chamber-door against all intruders became fiercely assertive.

(Continued next week.)

THE "NO BREAKFAST" SECT.

THREE is a school of hygienic philosophers now springing up in our *fin de siècle* days which argues that all our diseases and ails are the product of overeating. A considerable literature is now afloat to impress this fact, which, it is asserted, applies to lean people and fat ones alike. If you have any malady you must take no drug for it, and you must keep away from the doctor, for your only true remedy is to stop eating altogether. When you get well, you may return to food—except that you must not eat a breakfast, which is held to be a perfectly superfluous meal.

The chief hierophant of this faith has brought himself to eat only once a day, and his menu is composed entirely of fruit and nuts. For those who are of weaker belief in the new creed he does not insist on this extremity. The dinner and supper are permitted for them, but all flesh food is tabooed, and no drink is tolerated but cold water.

We are told marvelous tales of what this new asceticism and abstinence have done, and the extent of the abstinence from food has in some cases been over sixty days, and was not only accomplished without harm, but was accompanied by beneficial results. The fad has now spread in all directions, but a very notable head-centre of it is the town of Norwich, Conn. It is said there are now between four and five hundred converts to this "No Breakfast" system in that city who would not, says the *Evening Record*, which is published there, "abandon it for a large share of the sum total of the grand list of the town." "Grand list" in Connecticut means the property that is taxable, and assessed.

The doctrine, however, is not wholly new. I remember, some eighteen years ago, assisting in the translation of a German book which opposed all cooked food, and regarded as the ideal diet fruit and nuts only. It is upon this ground that Dr. Fisher of Milwaukee stands, and it is through him, I believe, that the "No Breakfast," cold water and anti-meat platform has been constructed for such of us as need curative help and cannot well conform to the squirrel or rodent bill of fare.

His idea is that we all eat too much—which is no doubt largely true—and that we eat too often. The condiments and stimulants which we take, as well as our tobacco habits, he says, are responsible for this; and it is owing to this mainly that we are ever ill. The

Doctor says that meat of all kinds poisons the system. Pure graham flour alone, he claims, contains all the elements necessary for prolonged nutrition; and, with fruit—even apples alone—health and strength are assured.

I think it is only about four ounces of fully assimilated food per day that the Doctor thinks the human system really needs, and anything more than that produces physical plethora. But, if people get to believing this, what will become of all the butchers and grocers? And what of the appetizing cook-books? The doctors, being a necessary evil, we can of course dispense with, except for surgical help, the moment no necessity for their remedies is established. But will there be orchards and walnut trees and peanuts enough to go around, when this dietary millennium arrives?

I for one don't see why water—which is really the most dangerous liquid in the world—should be prescribed to us cold. To chill the stomach is not hygienic, and to drink the majority of the waters that one finds, unless they have been previously boiled, is to absorb more dangerous disease germs than anything else portable or edible can produce. Merely going without breakfast is no doubt an easily attainable and frequently a beneficial thing. The skipping of suppers sometimes is.

Many years ago a very close relative of mine went for thirty years without his dinner, and with good results to a dyspeptic system. He had a brother who made it his habit to go without his supper. I said to him one day that if they only had one more brother, who would go without his breakfast, they might save a whole board bill among them.

I have no disposition to ridicule a worthy attempt to promote health and economy together, and I am free to say that there is something in the idea of an omitted meal that is worth thinking of. But the omission of all cooked foods for a perpetual or highly protracted Lent seems to be a remedy of supererogation. There are some people who certainly could not be brought under so stern a rule. They would find themselves, if they should undertake this regimen, in the condition of the horse whose owner had taught him to go entirely without food. While the owner was at the summit of his joy the horse was so inconsiderate of the new theory that he suddenly died.

JOEL BENTON.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

To-DAY the hyas' chime of silver bells
Rang first about the hidden woodland pool,
And stopped the children, on their way to school,
To wonder who was sleighing in the fells.
To-day the sun first learned where crocus dwells;
And russet robin, faithful to his rule,
Perched on my roof—the earliest April fool!—
To sing his vespers, woy'n with memory's spells.

The fields may yet be whitened by the snow,
The frost may pierce poor robin to the heart,
And nip the crocus through her pointed hood;
But I am filled with gladness! for I know
The bitter, biting days must soon depart,
And Spring come smiling up through field and wood.
—JAMES BUCKHAM.

BROWN STUDIES."

No one who reads the pithy and practical sermons in the Sunday *Herald* will be surprised to learn that their author, Dr. George H. Hepworth, has written a new book that is surely destined to become a favorite. "Brown Studies, or Camp Fires and Morals," is the title of a fascinating volume, the contents of which are supposed to have spun themselves out of the brain of a lonely bachelor wintering on a farm in the Adirondacks with no companions but a highly intelligent and affectionate St. Bernard dog and two faithful servants. The half-disclosures of a buried romance that come out from time to time as this interesting city-bred hermit discourses with much wisdom, sometimes in a melancholy mood, and sometimes in a playful, but never in a bitter one, on a wide range of interesting topics, detracts nothing from his eminent loveliness. He has a sweet, serene, healthily philosophical nature which has been sorely tried by disappointment, but which has never lost its abundant and generous trust in humankind, and is courageously determined to be satisfied with the attainable.

The freedom of the forest, the odor of the pines, the crackling of the logs on the camp-fire, and all the exhilarating excitement of outdoor life, are made delightfully real for the reader by just the right descriptive touches and in a style that is at once simple, manly and sincere, quietly humorous in places, and again melting into true pathos. There is little to criticise in so charming a book. It is full of refreshment to the most jaded reader and can be recommended warmly to all who like right sentiment and a pure and healthy expression of it.—E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

THE latest venture in metropolitan journalism is a handsome, natty little sheet called *Vanity*, which I am told is the joint enterprise of Nugent Robinson and Wyndham Quir. *Vanity* seems to be patterned on the London *Vanity Fair*, minus the occasional heaviness one finds in the English publication. There is a clear field for *Vanity* which may live and prosper (and ought to) without treading on anybody's toes.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wet colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

For the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Colo., in July, next, the Western trunk lines have named a rate of one standard fare, plus two dollars for the round trip. Variable routes will be permitted. Special side trips at reduced rates will be arranged for from Denver to all the principal points of interest throughout Colorado, and thence along the line leading to either California, Oregon, and Washington, will be accommodated at satisfactory rates. Teachers and others that desire, or intend attending this meeting, or of making a Western trip this summer, will find this their opportunity. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway (first class in every respect) will run through cars Chicago to Denver. For full particulars, write to or call on Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.



THE Republic of the United States of Venezuela lies at the northern end of South America. Its shores are washed on the north by the Caribbean Sea, on the south it touches the boundaries of the United States of Brazil, on the south and west the Colombian Republic, on the east it is bounded by British Guiana and the Atlantic Ocean.

It is from the eastern side that the troubles and disputes which have latterly brought Venezuela into general notice have arisen. Its English neighbors have



SIMÓN BOLÍVAR, THE LIBERATOR.

long been restless at sight of the magnificent region watered by the majestic Orinoco and its affluents; and they have steadily pursued a plan of encroachment which the Venezuelans have invariably denounced with vigor. But it is only within the present year that England has thrown aside the mask, and has appeared as a possible invader of Venezuela unless submission to her insolent and unfounded demand for the recognition of certain boundaries which she has herself established is not speedily forthcoming.

The present activity of England in this matter is due to two reasons. It is announced that gold has been discovered, and can be advantageously mined, in the regions in Venezuela to which she lays claim. And she



IRON BRIDGE OVER THE GUAIRE.

has acquired the conviction that unless she compels Venezuela now, she can never do it at all; for she recognizes that the awakening of public sentiment in this country to the danger of English invasion of the southern half of this continent will soon be complete. There is a certain boldness in her attempted defiance of the Monroe Doctrine which indicates her belief that it will not be invoked against her. But the folly of reliance upon any such belief may be amply shown her if she persists in her efforts to found a second India to the south of us, or to repeat, with her "mixed commissions" and "international tribunals," the tactics which gave Egypt into her hands.

Venezuela—or "little Venice," as the Explorer Ojeva called the land, from the appearance of a native village built on piles in Lake Maracaibo, when he passed along its shores in 1499—surpasses in extent of territory the combined States of Texas, Idaho, Colorado and California. A noble domain, truly, and one from which John Bull's covetous eyes cannot turn away. If he could but force the little nation of less than two and a half million souls into a quarrel, in which he could employ all his vast resources against it, he might establish a naval post at the mouth of the Orinoco. Then he would fortify, and might feel certain that sooner or later he would control the whole immense territory drained by the stream. He already has promising quarrels with Guatemala and Honduras and Yucatan which indicate, as plainly as though he avowed it, his purpose to control the adjacent coast. Neither warnings nor diplomatic remonstrances nor the declarations of the Pan-American Congress at Wash-

Over the construction of this treaty the trouble has arisen. Venezuela is well supported in her claim that under the Treaty of Utrecht she inherited all the territorial rights of that Spain which she had vanquished in the war for independence; and the slice of territory which the English have seized unquestionably once belonged to Spain. Moreover, Venezuela is amply recognized as the inheritor of all that had belonged to Spain, by the Treaty of Peace and Recognitions signed by Venezuela and Spain March 30, 1845. It is easy to see, therefore, why the British Government is not anxious to submit its present claims to arbitration. It is simply because it would not have a leg to stand on before an impartial international tribunal.

In 1841 Sir Robert Schomburgk, a Teutonic man of science in the employ of England, paid a visit to Guiana, and carried back with him a map showing what he called the correct boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana. It seems that the good Sir Robert, anxious to please his employer, had taken very generous bites out of the Venezuelan wilderness; and when England tried to assert this claim, there was a natural and indignant protest. The survey of Schomburgk was called a *linceo capriciosa*, and "capricious" enough it indeed seemed. At intervals during the last half-century England has revived the matter, but the territory remained in dispute without reaching an acute phase until, a few years ago, the finding of gold fields on the banks of the Cuyuni and its tributaries was too much for John Bull. He could restrain himself no longer. Stations were established in the disputed territory, and the Venezuelan demand for arbitration was flatly refused. The convention which had been made between the two countries in 1850, at the time when Venezuela required assurances that her territory was not to be seized by England, was coolly violated. The English have posted notices on trees in parts of Venezuelan territory, intimating that their laws are in force there; have carried off a Venezuelan officer and imprisoned him in Guiana, as if he were subject to its jurisdiction, and have practically decided for themselves that they own the mouth of the Orinoco. This constitutes, as General Guzman Blanco had the courage to point out to the English Foreign Office, no less than three distinct violations of the Monroe Doctrine. Despite the historical warning declaration of the United States, England has acquired new territory on the American Continent; she has oppressed an American Republic, and has replaced Republican by monarchical



THE PRESIDENT'S MANSION.

ton have been able to make the English Government waver from its policy of declining arbitration of the boundary dispute, and forcing Venezuela to war. And at the present time England is on the point of sending a fleet to "manifest" in the harbor of La Guayra, and to press what England calls her rights of territory, submitting to arbitration only a few minor points concerning which the Venezuelans are not specially interested.

On what does England base her claim?

Holland and Spain, as everybody knows, had extensive possessions in South America in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Among the Spanish provinces were included the territory now forming the United States of Venezuela, and, adjoining, the Dutch had possessions to-day divided into British and Dutch Guiana. These lands were confirmed to Spain and Holland respectively by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, so that their titles were indisputable. By and by wars between the Dutch and the English became frequent, and at the beginning of this century all the Dutch possessions bordering on Venezuela were captured by John Bull, who was granted permission, by the Treaty of Paris in 1814, to hold them.



PRESIDENT CRESPO.

institutions in the rich stretch of country between the Orinoco and the Essequibo. And now she inquires what Uncle Sam is going to do about it?

He will certainly keep a good watch on the movements of his English cousins, and will maintain a proper fleet in the immediate vicinity of any ships of war sent to the Venezuelan coast by England.

It is by no means certain that England would have the best of it in a contest with Venezuela without the sending out of an expedition twice as large as that which she dispatched to Abyssinia. The Venezuelan Army is not very pretty to look at, and has frequently been the subject of derision in England; but it is well recognized that the soldiers fight like demons. The Captaincy-General of Venezuela was for two hundred and forty years under the Spanish Crown, and did won-



THE CITY OF CARACAS.

ders in furnishing valiant men to fight the natives and subdue the wilderness. Venezuela was the first point on the Continent discovered by Columbus, in August of 1498. The War of Independence began in 1806, when General Francisco Miranda landed in Coro and raised a revolt. Venezuela was then a portion of the Republic of Colombia, but she separated herself, and became a free and independent State. The first Act or Declaration of Independence was signed on July 5, 1811, in Caracas, and the autonomy of the Republic was then asserted. But it was not until long years afterward,



THE LEGISLATIVE PALACE.

when Simon Bolivar, the "Liberator," had crowned all his preceding triumphs by the victory at Carabobo, that the independence and autonomy were universally admitted. Since then Venezuela has maintained her freedom proudly, and is not likely to give it up.

The 597,690 square miles of Venezuela's territory are divided into nine States, a Federal District, and five Territories. The Congress is composed of a Senate with twenty-seven Senators and a Chamber of Deputies with fifty-three members. The Congress meets in Caracas every year on the 20th of February, and sits seventy

EX-PRESIDENT PALACIO.

GUZMAN BLANCO,
Ex-President of Venezuela.

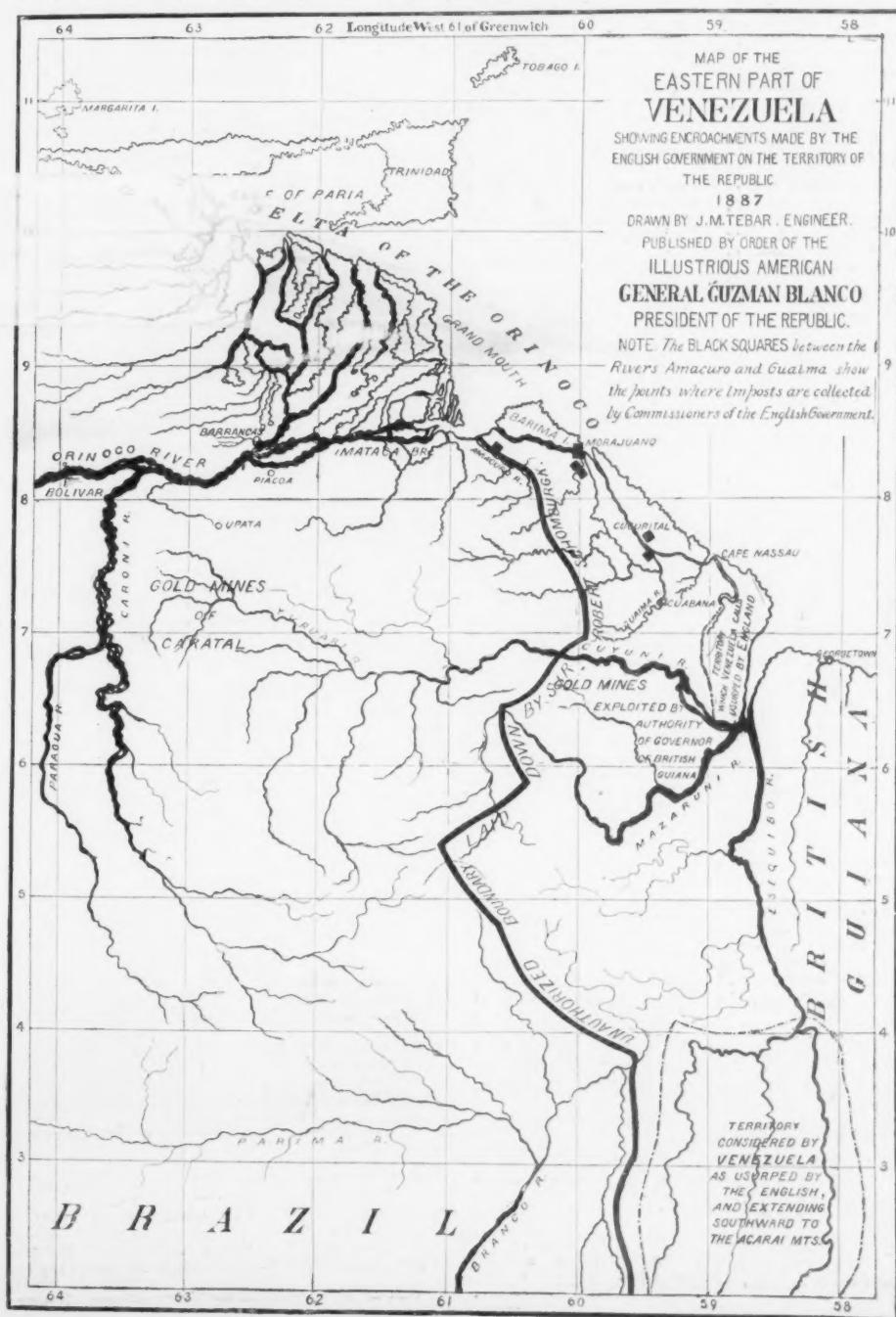
GENERAL CASANAS.

days. The Presidential term is two years under the latest Constitution. Venezuela is subject to the palace revolutions so common in South American politics; and is tranquil at present only after long storms. The adventurous career of the Dictator, General Guzman Blanco, now living in Paris, is familiar to the public. He did much to improve Venezuela, but at last the people wearied of his dictation—for he even called himself "Dictator." So they drove him out, and pulled down the statues which they had erected in his honor. The present President, General Joaquin Crespo, is the creation of a revolution. He is an energetic man of most determined character. All Venezuelans are unanimous against English encroachment. The Constitution of the Republic formally forbids the alienation of any portion of the national territory.

Venezuela lies within the Torrid Zone, and its luxuriant soil yields coffee, cocoa, sugar and cereals; its grazing section can fatten cattle for the markets of the

world; and its forest lands supply rubber, vanilla, sarsaparilla, precious woods, and valuable plants. The coast is 1,876 miles in extent, or longer than that of California. It has innumerable harbors, and the Lakes of Maracaibo and Valencia have splendid interior ports. More than a thousand rivers drain the land; the mighty Orinoco has no less than four hundred and thirty-six affluents. The Orinoco is navigable eight hundred and fifty miles from the ocean. It is easy to see what English possession of it would mean. The coasts are dotted with chains of fertile islands. Some of the tributaries of the Orinoco run south and empty into the Amazon.

The rainy season in Venezuela is from April to October; the rest of the year the weather is cool and pleasant. Caracas, a handsome city with quite a European aspect, is cursed at intervals by harsh dry wind. The northwest winds are frequent in summer, or the dry season. As the birthplace of South American independence, Caracas is renowned; it has seventy thousand inhabitants, many very handsome edifices, and a wonderful railroad which takes passengers up from the port of La Guaira to the plateau at the foot of the Avila, more than three thousand feet above the sea level. The President's residence is called "The Yellow



"Just fix your eye on that, now, John, and try to look pleasant.
—N. Y. Evening World.

House." There are ten principal squares in Caracas, each of which bears the name of an illustrious citizen or a memorable event.

The trade of Venezuela with Hamburg, Liverpool, Havre, St. Nazaire, Marseilles, Barcelona, Malaga, London, Havana and Bordeaux is steadily increasing. New York City is also one of the country's best customers, and vies with Hamburg and Liverpool in the value of exports to Venezuela. American merchants will do well to reflect upon what it would mean to have John Bull established at the mouth of the Orinoco. He would look upon the importation of American merchandise by that route as an invasion of his rights, and he would be more willing and better able than ever to compete with us in Brazil.

Earth-hunger and the thirst for extended sea power have driven England straight across the Monroe Doctrine.

What will the outcome be?

EDWARD KING.



SEÑOR DON ANTONIO CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO,
President of the Spanish Council of Ministers.

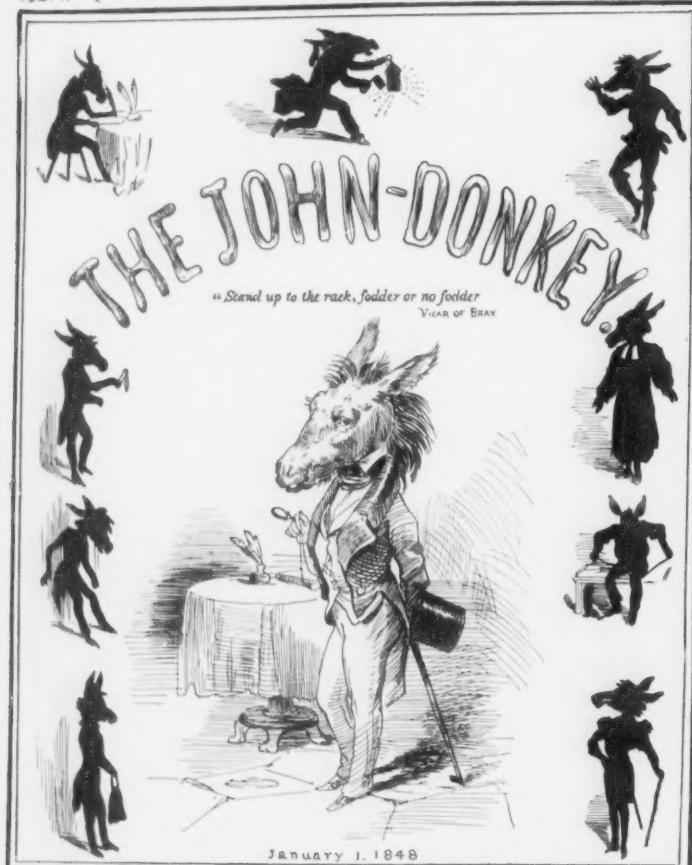
American Comic Journalism

BY T. B. CONNERY.
(Copyrighted by the author.)
No. 10.

"THE JOHN DONKEY"

made its first bray January 1, 1848. "Stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder," was the motto on its frontispiece, displaying the assinine John in full dress suit, surrounded by nine other animals of the same species in nine different attitudes and occupations. Here is the frontispiece:

VOL. I. [Three Dollars per Annum in Advance—Single copies Six Cents] NO. I.



Its prospectus published on the sixteenth page contained the following announcement:

"This paper will be published by an association of John Donkeys who couldn't help it; and who, being afflicted with wisdom, must get rid of some of it or burst. They are furthermore prompted to the deed by the alarming prevalence of fun, at the present impending and portentous crisis in our national history. The whole world is overwhelmed with fun—everybody is laughing at us. This is a serious evil and requires a serious remedy. We are the Christopher Columbuses of that remedy, and claim priority in its discovery. Everybody who takes our paper will find this certain cure for levity, and sovereign, soporific balm of solemnity, wrapped up in its various articles. No joke is to be admitted into its pages—it will never descend to be funny, but it will treat everybody with that sagacious stupidity befitting John Donkeys to write, and their fellow-donkeys to read."

"That the enterprise will be stable there can be no doubt, as we have an exhaustless capital, including an immense amount of brass; and our arrangements are so extensive that we are not enabled to see the end of them, much to the satisfaction of our publishers—as no men like to contemplate their own bankruptcy. In order that the public in general may understand what is to come, we mention, in strict confidence, some few of our leading features. Among our contributors we will present the following galaxy of talent:

"Louis Philippe of France, Author of 'A Deal of Trouble in France,' 'How to Diddle the English,' etc.; Nicholas of Russia, Author of 'Murders Innumerable,' 'All Kinds of Tyranny,' and similar works; Lord Palmerston, Author of 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts'; Hon. Thomas Convin, Author of 'A Very Silly Speech'; John Van Buren, Esq., Author of 'Crosswell's Cross.'

"One of the most striking features of our paper will be its extensive correspondence. We have engaged, at great labor and much expense, the following corps of letter writers:

"At London—John Smith, LL.D., F.R.S., etc. At Paris—Le Chevalier Jean De Smit, L.H. At Home—H Pradre Giovanni Di Smith. At Madrid—Don Juan De Smeeth. At Vienna—Der Herr Johannes Von Schmidt. At St. Petersburg—General Prince Ivan Smithoff. At Cracow—Count Jan Szczmitzki. At Congo—King Jack Smith. At Cairo—Hona Ben Hona Smith Smitt. At Canton—Chong Smeet."

Let me give also this account published in the second number of *The John Donkey* of how the initial number was received:

"As soon as our first number came from the folder's, and was laid up at the publisher's counter, we stationed couriers at two yards distance, all the way from the shop along the stairs to our sanctum, with directions to report the result. The following is the summary of the different dispatches:

"No. 1. A lean man has entered the shop. He looks at *The John Donkey*. He turns it over. He puts it down.

"No. 2. A fat man has just come in. He has examined a copy. He puts it down.

"No. 3. The lean man looks again. He says 'Pish.' He has left the shop.

"No. 4. The fat man re-examines the paper. *He puts his right hand in his left breeches pocket!* The clerks are watching him with the most intense expectation.

"At this stage of the dispatches there was great excitement in the sanctum.

"No. 5. The fat man has BOUGHT THE COPY, and taken it away from the shop. Two of the clerks have fainted, and the publisher has gone into convulsions.

"Here the excitement in the sanctum was indescribable. The editors hugged each other, and both of our engravers endeavored to resuscitate our artist, who had sunk under the unexpected good fortune.

"No. 6. Startling intelligence! The boy, who was sent to get the sixpence changed, has returned and announced it to be of TIN!! Messengers have been dispatched for the police, to pursue and apprehend the felon!!!

"This announcement threw us into a fit of the deepest despair. To think that any one could exist base enough to sport with the tenderest human emotions, and crush the newly expanded bud of hope, was insupportable. Order has dispersed to chaos—misery reigns supreme, and the whole universe is covered with the blackness of darkness.

"Supplement—To the latest moment.

"We stop the press to announce that the villain has met with his just reward. May his dreadful fate be a warning to all future offenders! But we will state, calmly as we can, the correct particulars, as we had them from the mouth of a newsboy.

"When the offender had obtained the paper, by his successful fraud, he was seen to leave the place with a self-satisfied smirk upon his features. He then began to read the paper itself. He had just finished the second page when he was observed to swell—he turned the leaf—the coat-tails expanded—the buttons flew—and the unfortunate wretch exploded with laughter!

"A bill has been found against us by the Grand Jury charging us with having caused the death of the miserable defunct."

The readers must judge for themselves the merit of the prospectus and this account of the excitement over the sale of the first copy.

SOME SPECIMENS OF "JOHN DONKEY'S" ILLUSTRATIONS.



= PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.



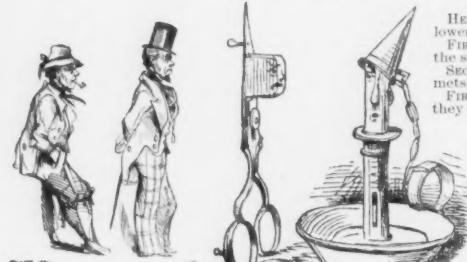
THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.



THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.



A FRIENDLY VISIT.



DIFERENCE BETWEEN THE RAW MATERIAL AND THE MANUFACTURED ARTICLE.

SNUFFERS.—I'll trouble you for a pinch.
CANDLE.—I'm out!

John Donkey recommended his own pills in this way:

"Doctor John Donkey's Universal Vegetable Pills.

Any number of jokes in a box.

Good at all times. Dose, indefinite.

When taken, the patient's sides will be well shaken."

A few of its paragraphs to show how topics of the day at home and abroad were hit off:

"Mr. Brady is about to decline a re-election to the office of Mayor of New York. He says he can't afford to keep the office, since the office won't reciprocate. So, after all, you see that 'Money makes the Mayor go,' which is a worn-out old saw for that cunning old file, Mr. Brady."

"Ben Disraeli says that there may be hope for England still, as the rock upon which it is predicted she will split is only a Shamrock, after all."

"A paper was read at the last meeting of the American Ass. of Geologists, stating that it had been ascertained that the rope of sand spoken of in political debates is composed of the strands of the sea."

EPIPHANY ON SNOOKS, THE RHYMSTER.

Lo! Harry Snooks' petticoat has gone—
Each morning he finds the worse is—
But have a care, ye souls in fire,
He brings along his verses,
Ah! where shall people 'scape this bard's
Rhymer-reading malediction?
Since even devils have to writhe
Beneath its dire infliction."

A queer feature of the illustration of *The John Donkey* was the representation of the progress of Johnny, eldest son of Mr. Donkey, in writing the alphabet on a slate. Each letter was supposed to be marked on a slate accompanied by suitable rhymes, as follows:



A was an author,
A rollosome chap,
Who wrote a whole book.



F was a Fellow,
So sober to see,
Of the New York Historical Society.



B was a beggar,
Silly enough,
Who went to an editor,
Asking a puff.

Let me close my little sketch of *The John Donkey* with these two paragraphs:

"We can't for the ears of us understand—miserable John Donkeys that we are—why every mercantile house recently smashed in England is called 'firm.' It is on the same principle, however, we suppose, that the 'Sound' steamboats are always going to pieces."

"Among the other interesting vexed questions to be settled by the next Native convention is—whether the Christian religion, having been first promulgated in Palestine, is not of foreign origin, and therefore to be prohibited in America."

(Continued next week.)

THE JOLLY PLUMBER

THERE WAS ONCE A JOLLY PLUMBER IN A LITTLE COUNTRY TOWN,
And a very jolly plumbing-knight was he.



Once I heard him skip and sing like a poet in the spring,

In a sort of rapture-drunkan ecstasy:

"I'm the great big man
From Beersheba unto Dan,

For my bill is always longer
than the snipe's;

And I drive my patrons frantic
When I use my strength gigantic

In a happy hammer solo on their pipes,

And shout heigh ho,

Woe is me, by Jo!

With a heigh, ho, ho, tra la la la lee—

I'm a hummer of a plumber,

In the winter and the summer,

And the monarch of the mountain and the sea!"

Then he crawled beneath the boiler in his sky-blue overalls—

Oh, he started with a Spartan spunk and will;
And he diagnosed the job with his cra-
num a-boh

While he caroled like a bluebird on the wing:

"Oh, there's naught wrong here,

That is very, very clear,

But I'll make a fracture quicker
than a shot—

For the gold to paint the chateau,

Smiling sweetly on the plateau,

And to put new sails upon the
summer yacht.

With a high ho ho,

Wo is me—me is wo,

With a rip rap fo de lody lay,

I'm the lordly old mechanic

That can make Titanic panic

With the customer that stumbles in my way."

Then his kit did he unbuckle, and the hammer took in hand

For to deal the heavy death-blow like a flash,

When the boiler quickly burst, and the
plumber got the worst

Of the bargain, for he flitted with the
crash.

He was there no more,

For a-flying through the door

With the swiftness of the hum-
ming-bird went he;

And no more he'll gayly caper

'Neath the tubs with lighted taper

On a mission of most fell inqui-
tive.

Oh, no more he'll hear

In this care-fraught sphere

His unfollowed critics while they rudely carp;

And his family supposes,

While he does "neath the roses,

That his spirit free discourses on the harp.

Still when loudly blows the blizzard, and the snow is drifted high,

And the frost gleams on the rattling window pane—

In the middle of the night do we shud-
der in our fright,

While we listen to a ghostly wind re-
strain:

Oh it sadly moans

In the doldrest of tones

While uncanny phantoms round
the threshold hang:

"Oft I visit earth's dominions,

On the whirlwind's icy pinions,

Just to see the pipes a-busting
with a bang:

To the scenes of my crimes

I delight to come at times,

And to shout, though in the flesh I cannot be:

I'm a hummer of a plumber,

In the winter and the summer,

And the monarch of the mountain and the sea!"

—R. K. MUNKITTICK.

THE TRESS OF HAIR.

By ERCKMANN CHATRIAN.

HAID NOT THOUGHT OF MY FRIEND GEORGE TAIFER FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, WHEN ONE MORNING HE SUDDENLY CAME TO MY MIND. WHY? I CANNOT TELL. I ONLY KNOW I WAS SITTING AT MY DESK, AS USUAL, WIDE AWAKE, YET I SEEMED TO BE DREAMING. ALL THE HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD CAME BACK TO ME. ONCE AGAIN I WAS RUNNING THROUGH THE GREAT CHESTNUT AVENUE WITH MY FRIEND GEORGE. I HEARD HIS MERRY VOICE SHOUTING A JOLLY DRINKING SONG, AND WHEN I CAME TO MYSELF I WAS ACTUALLY HUMMING THE CHORUS OF GEORGE'S SONG. THEN I SAID: "WHAT ARE YOU DREAMING ABOUT? YOU OLD SIMPTON, YOU MUST FANCY YOU ARE GROWING YOUNG AGAIN!"

WELL, THAT VERY EVENING, AS I WAS RETURNING FROM THE CHAPEL, I SAW IN FRONT OF THE STABLES WHERE THE SOLDIERS KEPT THEIR HORSES AN OFFICER IN THE UNDRESS UNIFORM OF AN ALGERIAN CAVALRYMAN, HOLDING BY THE BRIDLE A SUPERB ARABIAN CHARGER—THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL I EVER SAW. I STOPPED A MOMENT TO ADMIRE THE INTELLIGENT EXPRESSION OF HIS EYES AS HE LOOKED AT ME OVER HIS MASTER'S SHOULDER, WHEN A STABLE BOY CAME TO THE DOOR. THE OFFICER HANDED HIM THE BRIDLE, AND TURNING AROUND, I SAW IT WAS MY OLD FRIEND GEORGE TAIFER. I COULD NOT BE MISTAKEN, IN SPITE OF THE SWARTHY HUE THE HOT SUNS OF AFRICA HAD IMPRINTED ON HIS FACE.

TAIFER ALSO RECOGNIZED ME, BUT NOT A MUSCLE OF HIS COUNTENANCE CHANGED, NOT A SMILE BRIGHTENED HIS LIPS. HE CAME TOWARD ME HOLDING OUT HIS HAND, AND SAID: "HOW ARE YOU, THEODORE?" AS QUIETLY AS IF WE HAD PARTED THE EVENING BEFORE. I WAS SO ASTONISHED AT THIS COMMONPLACE GREETING I ANSWERED IN THE SAME TONE: "THANK YOU, GEORGE, I AM VERY WELL."

"AH, THAT IS GOOD; BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

"I AM ON MY WAY HOME," I ANSWERED. "MAY I ACCOMPANY YOU?" WITH THAT HE PUT HIS ARM IN MINE AND WE SLOWLY SAUNTERED DOWN THE STREET TO MY HUMBLE APARTMENT. AS WE ASCENDED THE NARROW STAIRWAY I HEARD TAIFER'S SPURS STRANGELY CLANGING ON THE STEPS BEHIND ME.

WHEN WE ENTERED MY LITTLE APARTMENT HE LAID HIS CAP ON THE TABLE. I PLACED MY MUSIC-BOOK ON THE STAND AND

ONCE A WEEK.

WE SAT DOWN OPPOSITE EACH OTHER, BOTH SILENT AND THOUGHTFUL.

AT LAST TAIFER SAID: "DO YOU STILL PLAY THE VIOLIN, THEODORE?"

"YES; AND I AM THE ORGANIST AT THE CATHEDRAL."

"DO YOU REMEMBER THAT LITTLE SONG MARIE USED TO SING?"

"ALL THE SWEET MEMORIES OF YOUTH RETURNED TO ME SO VIVIDLY I COULD NOT SPEAK—ONLY ANSWERED BY TAKING UP MY VIOLIN AND BEGINNING TO PLAY THAT LITTLE SONG OF MARIE'S, SOFT AND LOW, AS IF I ONLY COULD HEAR IT. TAIFER, WITH HIS EYES FIXED UPON THE FLOOR, LISTENED TO THE LAST NOTE, THEN HE GOT UP, GRASPED MY HANDS WITH GREAT FORCE, AND TENDERLY LOOKING AT ME, SAID, AS IF SPEAKING TO HIMSELF: 'STILL THE SAME GOOD HEART, THEODORE, BUT MARIE DECEIVED YOU, DID SHE NOT?—PREFERRED THE GOLD CHESTS AND JEWELS OF MONSIEUR STANISLAUS.'

HE MERELY BOWED WITHOUT SPEAKING.

TAIFER MADE TWO OR THREE TURNS AROUND MY ROOM, TOOK DOWN MY GUITAR HANGING ON THE WALL, SWEEPED HIS FINGERS ACROSS THE STRINGS, THEN SUDDENLY PUT IT DOWN, AS IF SOME MEMORY PAINED HIM, PICKED UP HIS CAP AND BRUSQUELY BIED ME "GOOD-EVENING."

AS HE DESCENDED THE STAIRS THE SOUND OF HIS FOOTSTEPS SEEMED TO ECHO IN MY HEART.

SOME DAYS AFTER THIS I LEARNED CAPTAIN TAIFER HAD TAKEN ROOMS ON THE PLACE DUCAL. HE WAS OFTEN SEEN SITTING ON THE BALCONY SMOKING HIS PIPE, BUT HE NEVER MADE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF ANY ONE, NEVER WAS SEEN AT THE CAFÉS, AND HIS ONLY AMUSEMENT WAS TO TAKE LONG RIDES ON HIS BEAUTIFUL ARABIAN; BUT WHENEVER HE MET ME, HE WOULD ALWAYS CALL OUT: "BON JOUR, THEODORE."

JUST AT THIS TIME MY LORD THE BISHOP MADE HIS ANNUAL VISIT. I WAS VERY MUCH OCCUPIED, FOR I HAD TO PLAY AT THE SEMINARY AS WELL AS THE CATHEDRAL; I HAD NOT A MOMENT TO MYSELF. AND SOCIETY WAS SO TAKEN UP WITH THE INFINITE CHARM AND GRACE OF MY LORD BISHOP—NO ONE REMEMBERED CAPTAIN TAIFER—EVEN I NO LONGER THOUGHT OF MY OLD FRIEND AND COMRADE.

ONE EVENING, WHEN THE FIRST SNOWFLAKES WERE FLYING PAST MY WINDOW, I HAD JUST RETURNED FROM THE CHAPEL AND WAS TRYING TO LIGHT MY FIRE FOR MY EVENING COFFEE, WHEN I HEARD STEPS UPON THE STAIRS. I THOUGHT, WHO CAN THAT BE? THE DOOR OPENED, AND TAIFER ENTERED. HOLDING OUT HIS HAND, HE SAID IN THE MOST IMPLORING MANNER: "COME WITH ME, THEODORE. I AM SUFFERING SO MUCH TO-DAY—SUFFERING MORE THAN USUAL."

"WILLINGLY," I REPLIED. PUTTING ON MY OVERCOAT, WE DESCENDED TO THE SILENT STREET, NOW WHITE WITH SNOW. WHEN WE CAME TO THE RUE DES CARMES, TAIFER STOPPED BEFORE A LARGE HOUSE WITH GREEN BLINDS. HE OPENED THE DOOR. AS WE ENTERED I HEARD IT CLOSE BEHIND US. THE VESTIBULE WAS LIGHTED WITH A SOFT, ROSY GLOW WHICH SHOWED MAGNIFICENT PICTURES ON THE WALLS. THE STAIRS OF RARE ELEGANCE WERE SHAPED LIKE A SHELL. AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS HUNG A BURNOUS—THE RED BURNOUS OF A WOMAN. I SAW ALL THIS AT A GLANCE, FOR TAIFER ASCENDED VERY QUICKLY. BUT WHEN HE OPENED THE DOOR OF HIS SALON, I WAS COMPLETELY DAZZLED. MY LORD BISHOP WAS NEVER SO SUMPTUOUSLY HOUSED.

UPON THE WALLS, COVERED WITH GOLDEN TAPESTRY WROUGHT IN PURPLE ARABESQUES, WERE HUNG ORIENTAL ARMS AND SUPERB PIPES INFILLED WITH SILVER AND MOTHER-OF-PEARL. IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM A ROUND TABLE, THE TOP A PLAQUE OF VEINED MARBLE BORDERED WITH BLUE JASPER. ON THIS RESTED A WAITER OF FILIGREE GOLD HOLDING TINY VENETIAN GLASSES, AND A CURIOUSLY SHAPED FLAGON CONTAINING SOME RICH GOLDEN-COLORED FLUID. A SUBTLE FRAGRANCE, I KNEW NOT WHAT, MINGLED WITH THE RESINOUS ODOR OF THE PINE CONES BURNING IN THE FIREPLACE.

"AH, THIS TAIFER IS A HAPPY MAN!" I SAID TO MYSELF, "TO HAVE BROUGHT ALL THIS MAGNIFICENCE FROM HIS CAMPAIGNS IN AFRICA—THAT COUNTRY SO RICH IN GOLD, MYRRH, DELICIOUS FRUITS, AND BEAUTIFUL WOMEN WITH EYES LIKE THE GAZELLE, AND FORMS AS STRAIGHT AND FLEXIBLE AS THE YOUNG PALM TREE." SUCH WERE MY CURIOUS REFLECTIONS.

TAIFER FILLED ONE OF THE PIPES AND OFFERED IT TO ME; THEN HE LIGHTED HIS OWN, A SUPERB TURKISH MEERSCHAUM.

WE NONCHALANTLY STRETCHED OURSELVES ON A PILE OF SILKEN CUSHIONS AND WATCHED THE FIRE UNFOLD ITS GOLD AND CRIMSON TULIPS ON THE DARK BACKGROUND OF THE CHIMNEY.

FROM TIME TO TIME TAIFER WOULD LOOK AT ME WITH HIS SAD, DREAMY EYES. AT LAST HE SAID:

"WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF, THEODORE?"

"I WAS THINKING IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MUCH BETTER FOR ME TO HAVE GONE TO AFRICA THAN TO HAVE REMAINED HERE, A POOR MUSIC TEACHER;" BITTERLY ADDING, "MARIE WAS RIGHT TO PREFER MONSIEUR STANISLAUS. I NEVER COULD HAVE MADE HER HAPPY."

"AH, THEODORE, DO YOU ENVY ME MY HAPPINESS?"

HIS VOICE WAS CHOKED WITH EMOTION, HIS FACE SO CHANGED I SCARCELY RECOGNIZED IT—GREAT TEARS ROLLING DOWN HIS CHEEKS. SUDDENLY HE GOT UP, AND GOING TO THE WINDOW, STOOD THERE A MOMENT DRUMMING ON THE GLASS. THEN TURNING TO THE TABLE, FILLED TWO OF THE TINY GLASSES WITH THE GOLDEN-COLORED LIQUOR, AND SAID: "YOUR HEALTH, COMRADE." "AND YOURS, GEORGE." WE TOUCHED OUR GLASSES AND DRANK. SUDDENLY A DELICIOUS LANGOUR MOUNTED TO MY BRAIN, A FEELING OF EXQUISITE LIGHT AND PLEASURE PENETRATED MY WHOLE BEING.

"WHAT IS THIS, GEORGE?" I ASKED.

"A KIND OF CORDIAL. IN AFRICA THEY CALL IT 'DROPS OF SUNSHINE,' FOR IT CONTAINS THE ESSENCE OF THE RAREST AND MOST AROMATIC FLOWERS OF THAT COUNTRY."

"GIVE ME ANOTHER GLASS, GEORGE; IT IS DELICIOUS."

"WILLINGLY; BUT FIRST LET ME BIND THIS TRESS OF HAIR UPON YOUR ARM," HOLDING TOWARD ME A LONG COIL, SHINING AND LUSTROUS AS EBONY. I MADE NO OBJECTION, ALTHOUGH I THOUGHT IT VERY STRANGE. SCARCELY HAD I SWALLOWED THE SECOND GLASS OF THE GOLDEN-COLORED LIQUOR WHEN THE TRESS OF HAIR BEGAN TO CRAWL. I KNEW NOT HOW, BUT I FELT IT CREEP TO MY SHOULDER, GLIDE UNDER MY ARM, AND NESTLE DOWN AROUND MY HEART.

"TAIFER," I CRIED, "TAKE IT AWAY; IT HURTS ME."

"NO, NO!" HE COLDLY REPLIED; "YOU MUST KEEP IT A MOMENT AND LET ME BREATHE."

"OH, MY OLD FRIEND—GEORGE!—TAIFER, I IMPORE YOU TO TAKE IT AWAY. IT IS STRANGLING ME."

"NO, LET ME HAVE A MOMENT'S PEACE," HE REPLIED, WITH STILL GREATER STERNNESS.

I FELT MYSELF GROWING WEAKER AND WEAKER. SURELY I WAS GOING TO DIE. A SERPENT WAS CRAWLING AROUND MY WAIST. I FELT HIS COLD RINGS SLOWLY COIL AROUND MY NECK, THEN TWINE THEMSELVES ABOUT MY HEART. . . . I MUST HAVE LOST CONSCIOUSNESS—HOW LONG I KNOW NOT; BUT WHEN I CAME TO MYSELF TAIFER WAS STANDING BY ME, PALE AS DEATH.

"THESE, THEODORE, IT WILL HURT THEE NO MORE. SEE, I HAVE TAKEN IT AWAY," SHOWING ME HIS ARM WITH THE TRESS COILED AROUND IT. THEN WITH A WILD BURST OF MANIA-LIKE LAUGHTER HE BITTERLY ADDED: "AH, THEODORE, NEVER JUDGE THE HAPPINESS OF ANOTHER BY HIS SURROUNDINGS. A VIPER IS DOUBLY A VIPER," SO SAYS THE ARABIAN PROVERB, "WHEN IT IS CONCEALED AMONG THE ROSES."

I CRAWLED TO THE WINDOW, OPENED IT WITH A TREMBLING HAND—THE COLD AIR SEEMED TO REVIVE ME. THEN WIPING THE BEADS OF PERSPIRATION FROM MY BROW, I HASTENED TO LEAVE THAT PLACE OF LUXURY, YET HAUNTED BY SOME TERRIBLE SPECTRE, I KNEW NOT WHAT. I NEVER SAW TAIFER AGAIN.

A FEW DAYS AFTER THIS I LEARNED HE HAD SUDDENLY LEFT THE CITY, ON ACCOUNT OF A DREADFUL RUMOR—"THAT HE HAD MARRIED A BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN ALGIERS, AND IN A FIT OF MADNESS JEALOUSY HAD STRANGLED HER WITH A TRESS OF HER OWN HAIR."

HOME-MADE MILLINERY.

EFASHIONABLE MILLINERY FOR THE COMING SEASON IS SO VERY DISTINCT IN STYLE THAT THE CLEVER GIRL SHOULD BE ABLE TO MAKE HER OWN HATS AND BONNETS. I INCLUDE BONNETS, AS THESE PRETTY, STRINGLESS ARRANGEMENTS IN FLOWERS AND LACE ARE THE CORRECT THINGS FOR YOUNG LADIES. THEY ARE MADE OF SUCH A VARIETY OF MATERIAL THAT THERE SEEKS NO END TO THE POSSIBILITIES OF USING ODD PIECES OF LACE, JET AND FLOWERS WHICH MAY HAVE ACCUMULATED FROM SEASON TO SEASON.

THE FIRST THING TO DO WHEN YOU WANT A STYLISH BONNET IS TO MAKE THE FRAME FOR IT. THOSE YOU CAN FIND IN THE RETAIL STORES ARE USUALLY TOO FANCY IN SHAPE: THE VERY BEST MILLINERY IS ALWAYS ON SHAPES THAT ARE COMPARETTIVELY VERY SIMPLE IN OUTLINE—THE STYLE IS IN THE TRIMMING, COLOR AND COMBINATION OF MATERIALS.

THE FRAME ILLUSTRATED HERE IS A VERY GOOD MODEL, AS IT IS USED FOR EITHER YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED LADIES AND CAN BE WORN SO THAT EITHER SIDE FORMS THE FRONT, ACCORDING TO THE SHAPE OF THE HEAD, AND THE WAY IT IS TO BE WORN: FOR INSTANCE, WHAT NOW APPEARS TO BE THE BACK OF THE FRAME, DOTTED LINE NO. 1, BECOMES THE FRONT OF THE BONNET WHEN IT IS DESIRED TO HAVE IT WORN FAR BACK ON THE HEAD; THE OTHER EDGE WILL THEN REST ON THE KNOT OF HAIR WHICH WILL BE PLACED RATHER LOW, ACCORDING TO THE NEW FASHIONS.

TO MAKE THIS SHAPE YOU TAKE A PIECE OF CAPE NET MEASURING EIGHT BY SIX INCHES, WHITE OR BLACK, ACCORDING TO WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO PUT ON IT; THIS YOU MAKE INTO A LITTLE CAP THAT EXACTLY FITS THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD, BY PUTTING IN FOUR SMALL PLAITES, TWO AT THE BACK ABOUT ONE AND A HALF INCHES APART (SEE DOTTED LINE NO. 1), AND ONE AT EACH SIDE. CUT AWAY THE SQUARE CORNERS AND SEW A WIRE AROUND THE EDGE, TAKING PARTICULAR CARE NOT TO STRETCH THE NET AT THE EDGE OF THE SHAPE OR YOU WILL FIND IT DOES NOT STAY ON YOUR HEAD. THIS MAKES A SHAPE BROADER ACROSS IT THAN IT IS LONG—EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT WE USED LAST SPRING.

TO SEW THE WIRE ON USE A BUTTONHOLE STITCH AND LAP IT OVER AT THE JOIN FULLY TWO INCHES. ON THIS YOU CAN PUT OVER YOUR LAST WINTER'S JET CROWN, AND AT EACH SIDE OF THE FRONT, CLOSE DOWN TO THE EDGE, SEW A SMALL BUNCH OF FLOWERS—ROSES IN ANY COLOR, FROM DARKEST CRIMSON TO WHITE, VIOLETS, COWSLIPS, OR EVEN ROSETTES OF CHIFFON AND RIBBON. FINELY PLAITED LACE OR CHIFFON ARE MADE EITHER TO STAND UP STRAIGHT OR TO GIVE THE EFFECT OF A BROAD BOW AT THE BACK. NO. 2 SHOWS A TRIMMED BONNET OF THE SHAPE OF NO. 1.

TO MAKE A ROSETTE OF RIBBON LOOK AS THOUGH IT WERE MADE BY SOME ONE WHO KNEW HOW IS A VERY IMPORTANT PART OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF A HAT OR BONNET. EVERY LOOP MUST BE OF THE SAME SIZE AND ALL MUST BE SEWN VERY CLOSELY TOGETHER AT THE ROOT OF THE BOW; FOR EXAMPLE, IF YOU DREW UP THE NEEDLE AND THREAD IN THE ILLUSTRATION YOU WOULD FIND THE PIECE OF RIBBON YOU HAVE JUST PULLED THE NEEDLE THROUGH TO BE DRAWN UP CLOSE TO THE LAST LOOP MADE; THIS IS AS IT SHOULD BE, AND TWO OR THREE STITCHES ARE THEN PUT INTO THE LOOP JUST MADE TO KEEP IT SECURE. THE PROCESS IS REPEATED UNTIL YOU HAVE A SUFFICIENT NUMBER OF LOOPS TO MAKE THE ROSETTE, WHICH USUALLY REQUIRES SEVEN, ALTHOUGH FIVE MAKE A GOOD-SIZED ONE, AND TAKE ONLY HALF A YARD OF RIBBON. AFTER MAKING AS MANY LOOPS AS YOU DESIRE, SEW THE LAST AND THE FIRST ONE TOGETHER. THE CIRCLE OF LOOPS THUS FORMED COMPLETE THE ROSETTE. (SEE NO. 4.)

A NEW DESIGN FOR THE TRIMMING OF A LARGE STRAW HAT IS A HIGH BOW OF VELVET LOOPS AND ENDS PLACED ON THE LEFT SIDE; FROM THIS A TWIST OF VELVET GOES AROUND THE FRONT HALF OF THE BRIM; WHERE THIS ENDS THREE ROSES ARE PLACED, SEWN DOWN CLOSE ON THE BRIM, AND NO STEMS ALLOWED TO SHOW. TWO MORE ROSES SHOULD BE PLACED NEAR THE EDGE OF THE BRIM IN FRONT, AND TWO MORE AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HAT, BACK OF THE VELVET BOW. SEVERAL ROSES CAN BE PLACED ON THE LEFT SIDE UNDERNEATH THE BRIM CLOSE TO THE HAIR IF DESIRED. THIS WAS A FRENCH PATTERN HAT, AND THE COLORS WERE BROWN STRAW, BROWN VELVET, ROSES OF CRIMSON, PINK AND WHITE, AND ONE YELLOW. THESE WERE PLACED AS FOLLOWS: A PINK AND A WHITE TOGETHER, A PINK AND CRIMSON TOGETHER, AND THE SIDE BUNCH IS CRIMSON, PINK AND A VERY PALE CREAMY YELLOW. IN MY NEXT LETTER I SHALL GIVE DIRECTIONS HOW TO MAKE SEVERAL DIFFERENT BONNETS ON THE SHAPE ILLUSTRATED.

CERISE.

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 4.



CONGRESSMAN L. P. WANGER, PENNSYLVANIA.



CONGRESSMAN S. J. PUGH, KENTUCKY.



CONGRESSMAN G. W. STEELE, INDIANA.



CONGRESSMAN R. B. MAHANY, NEW YORK.



CONGRESSMAN N. D. SPERRY, CONNECTICUT.



CONGRESSMAN H. SKINNER, NORTH CAROLINA.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.—No. 16.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.

GEORGE W. STEELE, Republican Congressman-elect from the Eleventh Indiana District, was born in Fayette County, Indiana, December 13, 1839; read law; was admitted to the Bar, and practiced from April 10 to 19, 1861, when he enlisted in the Eighth Indiana; served until July 5, 1865, when he was mustered out as Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and First Indiana Volunteers. On February 23, 1866, he was commissioned in the Fourteenth United States Infantry, and served until the 1st of February, 1876, when he resigned and entered business as a pork packer in Marion. He was elected to the Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, in a Democratic district, as a Republican. On account of the Democratic gerrymander in taking out of the district a strong Republican county, he was defeated for the Fifty-first Congress, when he organized the First National Bank of Marion. He accepted the appointment of the first Governorship of Oklahoma Territory, which, after nineteen months of service in the performance of all the duties necessary in starting the machinery of a new Territory, he resigned. He is actively engaged as president of the Philadelphia Land Company, is president of the Marion Commercial Club, and of the Indiana State Board of Commerce; and was elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress by a majority of 3,929 votes over A. N. Martin.

Irving Price Wanger, Republican member from the Seventh Pennsylvania District, was born in North Coventry, Chester County, Pa., March 5, 1852; received an academic education; was Deputy Prothonotary of Chester County in 1871, and commenced the study of law at Norristown in 1872. He was admitted to the Bar December 18, 1875; was elected Burgess of Norristown in 1878; was a Delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1880; was elected District Attorney of Montgomery County in 1880 and again in 1886; was chairman of the Republican County Committee of Montgomery County in 1889; defeated as the Republican candidate for Congress in 1890; elected to the Fifty-third Congress in 1892, and re-elected to the Fifty-fourth in 1894. He was a member of the Committees on Public Lands and Railways and Canals in the Fifty-third Congress. Mr. Wanger is Grand Commander of Knights Templar in Pennsylvania.

Samuel J. Pugh, elected to the Fifty-fourth Congress from the Ninth District of Kentucky as a Republican, was born in Greenup County, Kentucky, January 28, 1850; educated at Chandler's Select School, Rand's Seminary and Centre College; studied law and was admitted to the Bar in 1872. He has occupied successively the following official positions: City Attorney, 1873; Master Commissioner of the Circuit Court, 1874-80; County Attorney, 1878-86; County Judge, 1886-90; Delegate to Kentucky Constitutional Convention, 1890-91; State Senator, 1893-94. At the late Congressional election he received 19,098 votes, against 18,396 votes for Hart, Democrat, and 487 for Blair, Populist. The

Democratic majority in the district at the November election, 1892, was nearly 3,000.

The oldest Congressman from Connecticut will be Nehemiah Day Sperry, who was born in Woodbridge in that State sixty-six years ago. Descended from old New England stock, he was brought up on a farm and his education was chiefly obtained in the district schoolhouse. At fourteen he went to New Haven to attend school, doing chores for his board. He learned the trade of a mason builder, and later went into business with his brother-in-law, Willis M. Smith, their firm being the oldest one in New Haven. He joined the Masonic fraternity and rapidly rose to its higher degrees. His prominence in the councils of the Republican party is sufficiently attested by his recent election to Congress. He will represent the Second or New Haven District.

Rowland Blennerhassett Mahany, Representative from the Thirty-second District of this State, was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1864. He was educated in the public schools, and was graduated with highest honors from the High School in 1881. In the summer of 1881 he worked on a farm in Chautauqua County, New York, and in 1882 became instructor in Latin and Greek in the Buffalo Classical School. He entered Hobart College in 1881 and remained two years, during which he stood at the head of his class; went to Harvard University in 1884; was one of the "Detur" prize men of that year; elected secretary and treasurer, and three times vice-president of the Harvard Union; vice-president and president of St. Paul's Society, the Protestant Episcopal Organization of Harvard College; chosen a member of the Phi Beta Kappa in 1887 in the first eight of his class; first marshal of the Phi Beta Kappa the same year; Boylston Prize man, 1887 and 1888; was graduated 1888 *Summa Cum Laude*; delivered the poem at Gettysburg on July 1, 1888, at the unveiling of the monument of the Ninth Veteran Regiment of New York Volunteers; became associate editor of the Buffalo Express in 1888; resigned to enter the School Department; became instructor in History and Literature in the High School, 1889. In 1890 he was appointed Secretary of Legation to Chili; accredited Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Ecuador, 1892; nominated for Congress, 1892; ran ahead of the ticket and cut down the Democratic majority over a thousand votes; returned to Ecuador, 1893, and concluded in nineteen days the Santo Treaty, negotiations for which had remained unsettled for nearly ten years; was re-nominated in 1894, and elected as a Republican to the Fifty-fourth Congress, receiving 15,548 votes to 13,893 cast for Joseph E. Gavin, Democrat.

Harry Skinner, Fusionist Congressman from the First North Carolina District, was born in Perquimans County, North Carolina, in 1855, of Welsh ancestry. He is a graduate of the Law Department of the University of Kentucky, receiving the degree of B.L. In 1875 he returned to North Carolina, and has since resided at Greenville, Pitt County. He was licensed to practice law in 1876. He practiced with phenomenal

success, and has been prominent in the State as a Democratic leader. He was elected to the Legislature in 1890 as the advocate of the sub-treasury plan. He is the author of "Productive Land Basis for National Bank Issue," which obtained much circulation, and was afterward embodied in the "Stanford bill." It is said that this article suggested the warehouse receipt plan, and originated the sub-treasury idea. It was read in the St. Louis convention, and was at least coincident with the formulation of the sub-treasury plan. Mr. Skinner is a staunch friend of public education. One-third of the funds necessary to erect and establish the Greenville Female Institute were supplied by his public spirit. He is a prominent Mason, Odd Fellow, K. of H., and L. of H. A magnetic and brilliant debater, he will be heard from in the approaching Congress as the leader of the Populist minority.

THE OFFICE DOG'S WISDOM.

I BARK for all I'm worth against this effort to drag Editor Dana to Washington when he can be tried so much more easily here where he lives and publishes the *Sun*.

But there I stop. Editor Dana's snap at good Governor Morton for urging the Legislature to turn out of office the disreputable Police Justices of this city is not worthy of the big bull dog of the press. Those Police Justices are worse than a pack of miserable good-for-nothing tramps and mongrels. What's the matter with Charles Anderson Dana? Is his queer advocacy of Tammany Hall due to the influence of place? You know Dana's sanctum is right over where the old Pewter Mug used to be before the Braves moved up to Fourth Street.

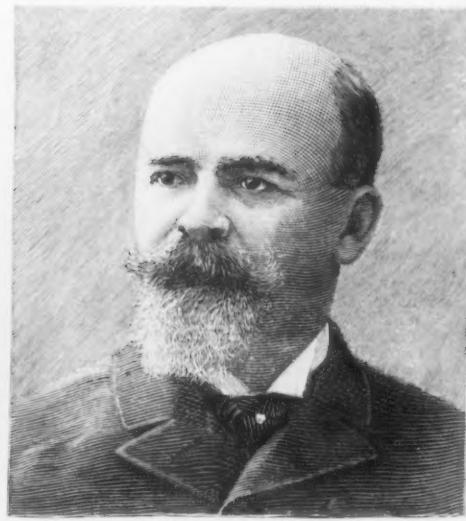
Fact is, Morton and Strong are true reformers, and if my nose is true, Levi P. will land in the White House and Mayor Strong in the Gubernatorial chair at Albany. Anyhow, I'm wid, not agin, 'em right straight along in this hunt. Hurrah for Morton and Strong!

Well, well, if Dickie Croker isn't growling again! Thought he was out of politics for good and only minding his horses. But tother day, just before sailing for Europe, Dickie gave the newspaper boys an "interview," which contained some sharp things against Joey Pulitzer and some other people. Wonder who writes those interviews! Dick ought to remember that silence is golden. I never bark when I retire.

WOMAN suffrage is now a law in South Australia.



PICKING AND SELECTING GUM CHICLE.



DR. BEEMAN.

A FEW WORDS ON CHEWING GUM.

TRAVEL wherever you will, by boat, rail or stage coach, you will surely see some of your fellow-travelers chewing away at something which—judging by their contented faces—apparently affords them the utmost satisfaction.

If you are not one of them you will doubtless wonder what it can be that gives so much pleasure. But don't wonder—it is only a delicious little bit of Beeman's Pepsin Chewing Gum which makes your fellow-travelers look and feel so happy.

Although the use of Beeman's Pepsin Chewing Gum has become so general, yet how few of those to whom it affords so much enjoyment have any idea of where it comes from; of what it is made; of the many hundreds of thousands of dollars manufacture, or

of the thousands of men and women

who work day and night in the many

factories necessary along the

metamorphosis of the raw

material to the dainty, useful

and pleasant article it becomes when ready

to be packed and sent to market.

Chewing gum has recently sprung

out of the ground, as been used for

generations in some form or other, but it

did not begin to reach its present state of

perfection until about a decade or so ago,

when, like many other useful inventions

and discoveries, an accident led to the adoption

of the principal ingredient now used in

its manufacture, and which, with the ad-

dition of other substances, has made it so

popular to-day.

It seems some speculative person down

in Mexico—probably some ubiquitous Yankee—discovered that the sap of the chicle plant (which grows in great abundance there, and is known by the natives as the sapota tree) contained a certain amount of

rubber. He had made the discovery of his

life—there were millions in it! Tapping

the trees, he boiled down the sap into

lumps weighing from ten to thirty pounds,

and sent a large quantity north to the

United States to be used in the manufac-

ture of rubber. But the percentage of rub-

ber contained in the gum was so small that,

after some experiments, its use in the

manufacture of rubber was abandoned and

much of the gum chicle was allowed to lie

in the warehouse where it was stored. But

this was only another verification of the old adage, "The loss to one, the gain to many!"

For a long time it was considered of no value whatever, but rather a burthen on the hands of the owners, taking up storage room needed for other purposes. After a time, the employees of the firm storing the chicle found that it was very pleasant to chew; then some enterprising confectioner heard of it, who, after warming it sufficiently, rolled it out in its crude state and placed it on the market as a chewing gum. He was the first to gain by the other's loss, as it proved so much better than the ordinary gums then in use that it soon became the most popular of all the chewing gums of the day, such as parafine, etc., etc. Soon a flavor was added; then it was combined with pulverized liquorice; and, finally, by a gradation of steps—such as the addition of sugar, etc., and more desirable flavors—it has now reached its high state of perfection as a delicious remedy for indigestion, sea-sickness and other kindred troubles, and has also become the innocent source of pleasure to millions of the American people—both children and adults.

Dr. Beeman—a gentleman widely known for many years as a manufacturer of Pure Pepsin—at the suggestion of Miss Nellie M. Horton, recognized the value of chewing gum, combined with Pepsin, for indigestion, both as a cure and a preventive, and made, after a careful series of experiments, the happy combination. The manufacture of Beeman's Pepsin Chewing Gum was then commenced, and the business rapidly grew from its small beginning until, at the present time, it is one of the largest Chewing Gum factories in the world, where over Three Hundred young women are employed, a glance at whose bright, intelligent faces telling unmistakably that their work is both pleasant and agreeable.

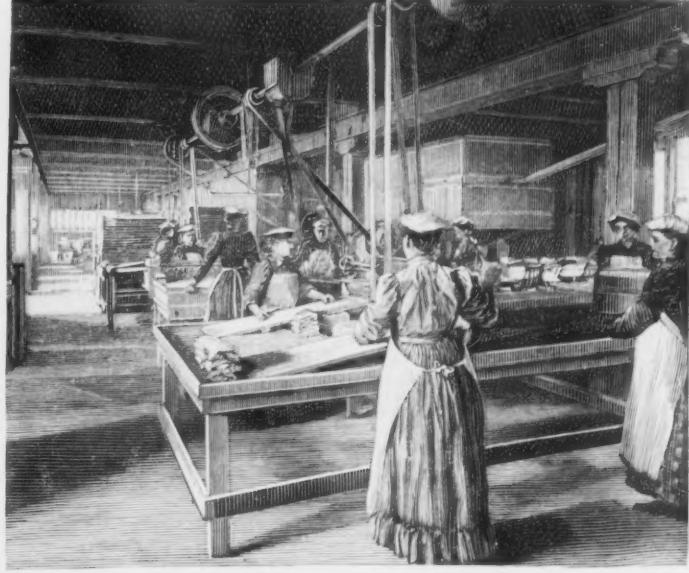
The illustrations on this page are from photographs showing the portraits of the President of the Beeman Chemical Co., Cleveland, O., and Miss Nellie M. Horton—the lady to whom the happy thought occurred of combining Pepsin with Chewing Gum, and who has also proved her great ability as a business woman by conducting successfully a large share of the immense business—together with several views of the different departments which are visited daily by all those who are taking in the sights of that city.



MISS NELLIE M. HORTON.



THE WRAPPING AND LABELING DEPARTMENT.



SECTION OF ROLLING AND CUTTING CHEWING GUM.

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

PATTERNS FOR HOME DRESS-MAKING.

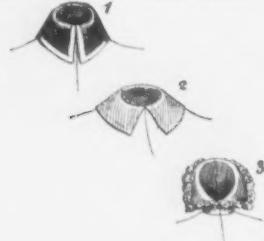
EVERY short capes are among the spring novelties for young ladies. Capes are much to be recommended instead of jackets, especially to those who, for economy's sake, are obliged to make their own. With a good pattern and a little attention to the fit of the neck, hardly any one can fail to make and finish a smart-looking cape, while only a skilled artist of the needle and shears may be trusted to turn out a well-built coat. In the accompanying illustration is shown a smart little round cape with a square yoke, one of the newest French modes. It is of Loutre satin, handsomely trimmed with black passe-



6394—LADIES' CAPE

menterie, and edged with soft feather ruching. A full triple box-plaited ruching of black chiffon, sprinkled through with violets, is worn around the neck outside the flaring collar, twin bunches of violets decorating each front. The cape proper falls from a short square yoke in soft, undulating folds, reaching the waistline front and back, and sloping up and out conveniently over the bouffant sleeves, which are chiefly responsible for its invention. The yoke collar is trimmed to match the lower edge of the cape; both are interlined with crinoline and lined throughout with silk. The standing collar can be omitted, if so preferred, in favor of the ruching of chiffon now so fashionable. Capes in this style can be made to match or contrast with the costume. A velvet or satin collar lends a chic appearance to capes of cloth, silk or satin, and a bright-colored silk lining gives the plainest cape an elegant finish. Velvet, satin, moire antique, miroir moire, ladies' cloth, camel's hair, or any of the seasonable woolen fabrics, can be used and richly decorated with passementerie, insertion, Vandyke points in lace and jet, gimp, galloon, folds or ruchings of silk, as elaborately or as simply as wished. Pattern 6394 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

A pretty old fashion just revived is that of wearing dainty turned-over collars and wristlets of fine white muslin, lawn and linen with one's dark woolen or silk house-gowns in the morning or afternoon. These should be stitched by hand, and may be decorated in a variety of ways with infinitesimal tucks, delicate insertion, and the finest lace edging. Some patterns of ladies' collars shown



6359—LADIES' COLLARS

here give the different shapes that may be required to suit different wearers; individual taste will suggest modes of trimming. Hem-stitching and fine hand embroidery give a charming finish to these collars, which it is well to remember must never be starched when sent to the laundry, but made up quite sheer and soft. Their beauty depends on the richness of the material employed, very narrow real lace edging and insertion being the preferred trimming. The same patterns will serve for collars to put on any blouse or bodice to be carried out in the same material or by way of contrast in silk, satin or velvet. Pattern 6359 is cut in one size—medium.

A charming blouse for evening wear at home, and suitable also as a theatre bodice, is shown in No. 6326. It is built

of black mousseline-de-soie, plaited in fine plaits over cerise satin, the stock collar and belt being of cerise velvet decorated with fine jet buckles. The full gigot



6326—LADIES' WAIST.

sleeves are of black moire. The lining of cerise satin is made glove-fitting by means of the usual double bust darts, under-arm and side back gores, with the curving centre back seam that fits the form perfectly. The back and fronts of the blouse waist are of the mousseline arranged in knife-plaits that give the effect of accordion-plaiting, being well pressed all the way to the waist where they are tucked to the lining. The fronts droop in blouse or pouch fashion, and the closing is made invisibly in the centre. Accordion-plaited chiffon, silk muslin, tissue, grenadine, Brussels net, lace, batiste, lawn or organdie is thus made over any bright, becoming colored silk, satin or taffeta lining. The sleeves can be made of crepon, satin, moire antique, brocaded taffeta, miroir moire or fancy silk, either to match or contrast widely with the skirt. Pattern 6326 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

A gown which may be worn with equal propriety on the street or in the house is shown in No. 6321. By the introduction of a ripple, or semicircular basque, attached to the round belt, the loose-fitting house-gown is at once converted into a smart street costume, quite suitable to wear when shopping, visiting or traveling, according to the material used. Tiviot suiting is the material here repre-



6321.—LADIES' COMBINATION HOUSE & STREET GOWN.

sented, in quiet brown and beige tones, the narrow gimp that decorates the revers, belt, basque, collar and wrists being of dark brown. The gown is built over a glove-fitted body lining, the fullness in front being outlined with graduating revers that widen toward the shoulders and taper at the waistline. Plaids in the centre back are drawn close together at the waist, the under-arm gores insuring a smooth adjustment at the sides. The Byron collar is mounted on a fitting band which fits closely to the neck, and fashionably full leg-o-mutton sleeves give style to the ensemble of this serviceable costume. Dainty wash silks, dimity or linen lawn will make up stylishly in this design with decorations of embroidery, lace or ribbon. Pattern 6321 is cut in five sizes: viz., 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

Some of the patterns previously given are repeated by request. There is a great demand for the ladies' sleeve patterns which are so useful in altering and re-

modeling old gowns. Three good styles are shown in the accompanying cuts. No. 1 is of fancy striped silk, that shows dots sprinkled between the lines. The fashionable full top narrows at the elbow, below which it fits the arm closely, widening again at the wrists in bell shape with points that fall over the hand, or can be turned back like cuffs, if so preferred. Fig. 3 shows the same sleeve in soft figured foulard, the centre of the puff being daintily draped by upturning plaits in the centre. The lower portions

plying a stay for the buttons that support the knee trousers. Two styles of collar (rolling and standing) are given with this pattern, either of which can be made adjustable, or sewed to the neck, as preferred. The shirt-sleeves are slashed back, supplied with facings, and finished with wristbands that close with studs or buttons and buttonholes. Cotton, cheviot, percale, chambray, outing, linen or muslin, in white or colored stripes and figures, are all suitable fabrics for shirt-waists in this style. Pattern 6364 is cut in five sizes: viz., 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

PARIS FASHIONS.

March 20.

EASTER bonnets are an absorbing topic of interest and the milliners' rooms blossom like flower gardens. Virot's display is particularly lovely. He will show you flowers that you must touch and smell to be convinced they are not real, and they form the principal trimming for dressy hats. Everything is the toque or capote, and no strings are to be worn. The straws are very handsome and elaborate, and there are some new quaint shapes. One is a little bonnet of a rough black straw that fits close and tight as a baby's cap, but flares away in front in two wings. A bunch of roses placed on the very top is the only trimming. There are some round flat toques that are very smart and becoming. They are trimmed either with loops of ribbon and aigrettes placed on each side, or by smart wings and ribbon loops radiating from just above the forehead. Although the flat, regular style of trimming is generally used, one does not get quite the impression of geometrical precision that the fall millinery gave, and there is some departure from that idea. On the large hats, the trimming generally starts from the front. A favorite idea is to place a large flat bow in front with sprays of flowers starting from under it and falling over the brim.

In colors for millinery, there is a large amount of green used in all the soft moss tones. A green straw is exquisite, trimmed with loops of velvet ribbon, in a deeper shade of green, and pink roses. Another green toque has bunches of lilles-of-the-valley with their long smooth leaves peeping from among loops of velvet.

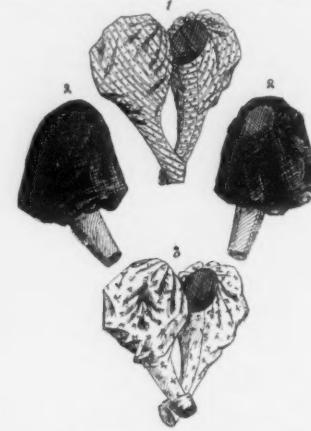
Virot shows a very dainty hat that some clever girl might copy. It is in the shape of a very tiny mob cap; made of ecru lace, in one piece apparently, and unlined. It is tied about with a piece of green velvet ribbon, tying in a flat bow in front; and there are some delicate pink roses lying on the brim.

Tulips are fashionable, and there are a lot of violets used, the blue Parma violets being considered best.

I have been looking at some new cotton goods. They are delightfully dainty, and there are many novelties distinctly different from anything the past seasons have shown us.

The up-to-date cotton gown is a distinct extravagance. It is mounted on a silk lining; often expensively trimmed; the item of making in the dressmaker's bill is the same as for a wool or silk frock, and the question of laundering is not to be considered. The general use of shirt-waists and jacket suits has crowded out the inexpensive ginghams and cambries which formerly did daily duty for summer wear and which could be easily freshened at the family laundry.

ETHELYN FRIEND.



6360—LADIES' SLEEVES

are in round bell shape, the upper sleeve showing the edges faced and turned back as a cuff. Both sleeves are arranged over comfortably fitted linings shaped by double seams, the under portions of which are smoothly covered with the material. No. 2 is of velvet and cloth designed for remodeling coat and jacket sleeves that the changes of fashion have rendered passé. The puff is voluminous enough for style, the lining being wide enough at the top to allow an easy passage for the fashionable dress sleeves. The lower portions fit the arm closely, the puffs drooping to the elbow. The same model can be used for dress sleeves if the lining be cut proportionately small. All three styles are given, the pattern providing for the different shaping and draping of Nos. 1 and 3. Pattern 6360 is cut in three sizes: viz., 32, 34 and 40 inches bust measure.

The small boys of the household need an almost unlimited supply of shirt-waists for the summer. These can be made, at a trifling cost, at home by using the pattern here given of a comfortable and neatly fitting shirt-waist. The box-plait in the centre front, through which buttonholes are worked to effect the clos-



6364—BOYS' SHIRT WAIST

ing, is offset by a group of three narrow side plaits, or tucks, on each side. Three single tucks on each side of the centre back turn toward the centre. The waist is simply fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams, a band holding the slight fullness at the waistline, and sup-

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4-4-95

CHESS.

THE handsome bronze trophy for which the clubs of the Metropolitan Chess League have struggled all winter has fallen to Brooklyn. The final battle was fought at the Union Square Hotel on March 23 between the Brooklyn and City Clubs. Each made a great effort to secure the best possible eight. The City, in addition to Showalter, Delmar, Halpern, Huntingdon and Ettlinger, secured three members who reside in Philadelphia—Voigt, Bampton and Ferris. Brooklyn, on the other hand, was very strong with Richardson, Teed, Pillsbury, Eno, Roccomora, De Visser and Tatum, and at the last moment added that excellent Boston player, Barry. It is doubtful whether under the strict rules of the tournament the last-named had the right to play, but he passed unchallenged.

The match, which lasted nearly four hours, was most interesting, and it was not until the last games were played that victory finally rested with Brooklyn. It was then found that Delmar, Pillsbury, De Visser, Barry and Halpern had defeated Richardson, Showalter, Ferris, Ettlinger and Tatum. The games between Teed and Voigt, Roccomora and Bampton, Eno and Huntingdon were drawn. The score stood: Brooklyn, 4½; City, 3½.

The interest in chess which has been created by the series of Metropolitan matches leaves no room for doubt that the League will become a permanent institution in New York. A new trophy

will be purchased by the clubs and the struggle renewed next autumn.

Shortly after the death of the late Lord Randolph Churchill a correspondent of the London *Times* devoted much space to a description of the brilliant politician's achievements as a chess player. While he had time to give to the game, during his University days and in the earlier part of his Parliamentary career, Churchill was regarded as a player of great promise. He was "original, daring and sometimes brilliant." He was also "a courteous and non-domineering winner, a tranquil and good-tempered loser."

Herr Mieses attempted too much when, worn out with his long struggle with M. Janowski in Paris, he crossed the Channel and tried conclusions with Herr Teichmann. The match was made for one hundred and twenty-five dollars a side, the winner to be the one who first scored four games. The first game ended in a draw, the second and third were won by the London player, the fourth by Mieses, and the fifth and sixth by Teichmann. The victory adds greatly to the winner's reputation in London, where he is considered a sound, cautious and steady player. The moves of the game, with notes by "Mars," the London critic, who witnessed it, are given below.

A ladies' chess club has been opened in London with about forty members. On the opening night Mrs. W. J. Baird presided over a problem-solving tourney. The design of the players is to meet every Monday evening. The place of assembly is a restaurant in the Strand.

CHESS IN LONDON.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Teichmann.	Mieses.	Teichmann.	Mieses.
1 P-K 4	P-K 4	21 P x B	B-R 3 (f)
2 Kt-Q B 3	Kt-Q B 3	22 P-B 3	K-R 2 (g)
3 B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	23 R-R	Q x P (h)
4 D-R 4	D-Q R 3	24 Q-R B	Q x P
5 B-Kt 4	B-Kt 2	25 Q-R K	Q-R 5
6 P-B 3 (a)	P-Kt 3	26 R-K	R-K 6 (i)
7 B-Kt 3	B-Kt 2	27 B-Q	Kt-B 3
8 Q-Kt-Q 2	K-Kt 2	28 Q-R K	Kt-K 5
9 B-Kt 3	P-R 3	29 R x Q	Kt x Q
10 Kt-B	P-B 4	30 K x K	P-Kt 5
11 K-P x P	Kt x B P	31 R x B (eh)	R x R
12 Kt-Kt 3	Q-K 2	32 R x R	K x R
13 Kt-Kt	B-Kt	33 B x P	R-K B
14 Kt-Kt	Kt-Kt	34 R-B 3	R x R
15 P-Q 5	Kt-Kt (b)	35 B x R	K-R 4
16 Kt-Q 2	Kt-Q 2	36 B-B 4	K-R 4
17 Kt-K 3	Q-K 4 (c)	37 K-B 4	Kt 4
18 K-R 4	K-B 2	38 K-B 3	Kt 3
19 P-Kt 4 (e)	B x P	39 B-B 5	Resigns.
20 Kt-K 5 (ch)	P x Kt		

(a) Scarcely so good as B-Kt 3.
 (b) Kt-B 2 is the proper course. The move made is very "blocky" of certain pieces.
 (c) A desperate and fruitless counter-attack.
 (d) Showing great judgment.
 (e) R-R 7 so as to double rooks was proper course.
 (f) K-Kt would have given him better end game.
 (g) Useless; but nothing better.
 (h) Q-Kt 5 would have left him a more "fightable" game.

PROBLEM NO. 2L—By B. HESSE, Saginaw, Mich.

BLACK (twelve pieces).



WHITE (eight pieces).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

E. D. J., Wichita, Kan.—Mason's "Principles of Chess," which can be obtained through Brentano's of New York, is the latest and most useful book on the game.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 17.

Owing to an error in the transmission of this problem solvers found considerable difficulty in arriving at the correct solution. As the author was sent and printed, the white Q was stationed at Kt-R 1. It was the intention of the author to place the Q on Q 8. In this position a perfectly sound three-move problem was presented, with the following solution: Key-move—Q-Q R 8; if K x R, Q-Q B 8, K-K 7, Q-Q B 7; (K-K 5, Kt-K; P-K 5, B-B) if K-B 4, Q-Q R 6, K-Kt 5, Q-Kt 6 (K-K 5, Kt-R 4; P-K 5, B-R 5). Unhappily for the author, with the Q on Q 5 a two-move mate was possible, as pointed out by Chas. A. Miller, Saginaw, Mich.; James C. Landstreet, Baltimore, and the author himself in a later communication. The solution is (Q x Q's P disc. ch.) K x R-Q-Q B 6 mate. Our Saginaw correspondent points out a three-move solution commencing Kt-Q 5-B 4, which was also discovered by W. C. McMillan of Girard, Kan., F. Warwick, St. Paul, and M. Van der Veen sent in solutions commencing Q-Q R 6, which were equally correct under the circumstances. It will be noticed that none sent in the solution Q-Q R 8, which was quite feasible in spite of the incorrect notation of the problem.

A PRIZE FOR SOLVERS.

Once a week offers a prize, consisting of a copy of Mason's "Principles of Chess," to the solver sending in the most correct solutions of No. 21 and nine following problems. Solvers will remember that a complete solution is one containing all possible variations. The key-move alone will not score the fullest number of points.

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GAMES FOR CHILDREN.

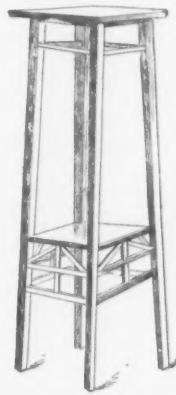
BALL AND PINS.

TRACE on the ground or pavement, or any smooth surface, a circle from eight to ten inches in diameter. Each player throws inside it a certain number of pins. Lots are drawn to determine who shall play first. This one takes the ball, which should be a soft rubber one, and lets it drop in the circle on the pins. He should catch it on the first rebound. If the ball



sends any pins out of the circle, the player picks them up and keeps them. He continues to play until he fails to catch the ball, or lets it drop outside the circle, when he pays a forfeit of five pins back to the circle, and gives place to the next player. The game continues as long as any pins remain in the circle. If pins are not at hand, old pens or half-burnt matches will do just as well.

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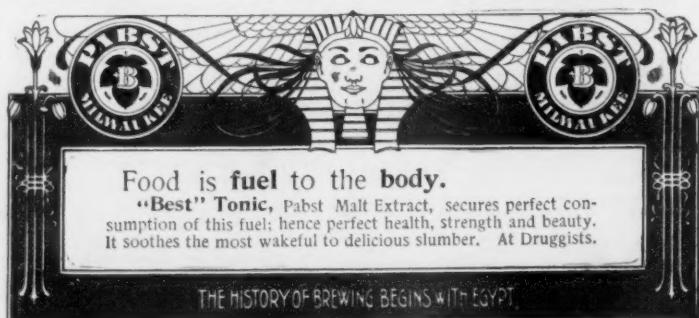
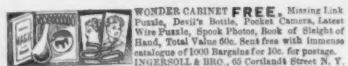
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